

THE FORTNIGHTLY

MARCH, 1936

THE NEW REIGN

BY ERNEST BARKER

IT has been said of political prophets (and to write today about the new reign is to venture into the seas of political prophecy) that though they may be intuitively right about great general trends, they are almost certain to be wrong if they try by the use of reason to prognosticate particulars. D'Argenson, one of the most remarkable of political prophets, prophesied in his journals, about 1750, that "the English colonies in America would one day rise against the mother country, would form themselves into a republic, and would astonish the world by their prosperity". He foretold, with equal acumen, the coming of 1789: "everything is combustible: a riot may pass into revolt, and a revolt into a complete Revolution". But d'Argenson, the acute prophet, was also a chimerical statesman, who failed in his calculations when he was Foreign Minister of France during the War of the Austrian Succession, and was dismissed by his master in discredit.

If the statesman can fail, there seems little hope for the student. He lucubrates in a solitary study, remote from the blowing winds of change. But imagination springs in us all; and to imagine the future is also, in some small measure, to contribute to its construction.

Is a new reign also a new epoch? We measure instinctively by reigns: we speak of the age of Elizabeth, the age of Anne, the Victorian age, and even (brief as it was) the Edwardian age. Is our habit merely the arbitrary chopping off of a section for convenience of nomenclature; and are our "ages" merely so many fictions, invented by a peeping and botanizing passion of classification, which artificially divides the indivisible continuity of life? Or is there a genuine quality and genius of a reign,

peculiar to itself, and colouring the character of its events and developments ? Perhaps we can answer " Yes " to both of these questions. No doubt the historian, wise after the event, imports much of the genius which he professes to discover ; and it may even be said that the major part of the age (let us say) of Elizabeth is, in that sense, post-Elizabethan. But that is not the whole of the matter. A new reign, particularly in our modern mood of reflection and introspection, is something of a conscious departure. We are all psychologists now ; and we are not psychologists for nothing. A new reign begins with a consciousness of novelty, which helps to give it, during its course, a novel quality. Particularly when it succeeds to a previous reign of some length and of a definite character, it bids us pause : it sets us to work on stock-taking, reflection, and what is nowadays called " re-orientation ". We are beginning a new chapter ; and we ask ourselves how it is to be dovetailed into the preceding chapter, and what are the contents which we wish it to include. The more the Monarchy counts (and it has come to count increasingly during the last few years), the more will a change of the Monarch affect our thoughts and our hopes.

The new reign will inherit from the old. We may even say, in a paradox, that it will be new in virtue of its inheritance. However much we may dream, at the moment of our entering upon some new tract or division of time, that we can imagine its nature, and however much we may hope to control its nature by the nature of our own imaginations about it, we know in our heart of hearts that it is only the end which can give us a revelation. The meaning of a life becomes clear, and it attains self-consciousness, when it nears its close. That was true of the life and reign of King George V. It was only during the last third of that reign—during the years between 1928 and 1935—that we began to realize what was its quality. It had passed through so many vicissitudes, internal and external, during the first two-thirds of its course, that its steady light was obscured by flying scud and spray. Only in its latter end could we say, *Fluctuat nec mergitur* ; and only then could we realize the true lineaments and features of the tradition of the reign. That tradition now stands out clear and definite. It was expressed in the King's Jubilee and at his funeral ; and their close conjunction

in time has driven it home all the more firmly. It is something consciously apprehended. The new reign starts with that tradition, newly established, and powerfully felt, to inspire it. That is why we may say that the new reign is new in virtue of its inheritance as well as in itself.

What is the nature of this inheritance, and what was the tradition bequeathed by King George V? It was, first and foremost, the figure and the example of the plain man doing his plain duty. There was something stoic in that figure; but there was also something which transcended stoicism. Stoicism is something solitary; but here a man and his wife were labouring together, in a true companionship, to do their duty. Stoicism is something secular; but here was a man who steadily saw his duty in the light of Christian profession and practice. Stoicism is something superior—the quality of the wise man who is not as the foolish; but here was a man who said that he was “a very ordinary sort of fellow”, and who yet taught the ordinary man (without being conscious for a moment that he was teaching) that the one thing we can all of us do is our duty.

Next to that, he was, as he said in words we shall not forget, “the head of this great family”. There is a double meaning in that phrase—just because the word “family”, in this connection and for us, can mean two different things. First, there is the great family of the whole British Commonwealth. The principle of its life had been given a legal expression by the Statute of Westminster of 1931, which made the Crown the common apex and the bright link of all its Dominions and peoples. What had been legal expression was translated into genuine homely feeling by the magic of a phrase, a voice and a personality. But besides the great family of the whole British Commonwealth there is also, for us who live in this island, the family community of the British people “at home”. We are divided indeed by differences—social differences of wealth, class, status, and occupation. And there had been times in the course of his reign—not least in the years which followed the end of the War, down to 1926—when these differences seemed acute. But it is not a dream to believe that King George V made us feel that in spite of our differences we were still one family. He could work with Labour Ministers no less easily than with

others. He went about among the people ; and his broadcast voice (it is difficult to measure the importance, or the significance for our national life, of the broadcast voice of the King) could speak to the whole of the people. There was a thing which happened in his last days—a thing overshadowed by his death, but in a deep harmony with the trend of his life and reign—which deserves to be remembered. A threatened strike of the miners was averted by the good sense and the good feeling of all the three parties concerned—the miners themselves, the mineowners, and the consumers of coal. When one remembers how the vexed question of miners' wages and conditions of life had agitated his reign—when one remembers the struggle of 1911, and the post-War struggles that culminated in 1926—it is impossible not to feel that at any rate in one matter, and that a very great matter, he left us more of a family than he found us in 1910.

More might be said of the tradition to which the new reign succeeds, and which it must necessarily continue. The Monarchy has been strengthened in common respect and affection. King Edward VIII inherits a new sense of partnership with his people. The King and the People, in the late reign, shared a chequered history ; but they shared it together. They shared it in war ; and our new King, who was then our prince, played his part in the sharing. They shared it after the war, and in the economic vicissitudes and the social problems of a restless peace. Here, too, our new King, while he was still our prince, played his part in the sharing : he learned, at first hand, how distress and unemployment can gnaw ; and he joined in calling the nation to that work of voluntary service which—no less than the work of government—is necessary to national welfare. We have had a partnership of King, Prince, and People. The King is gone, and the Prince is King. The partnership remains. With it there remains, as its core, the stabilizing and unifying effect of a personal centre of the national life—a centre strengthened, in its power for good, not by its own assertion of its power, but by the power we give it ourselves by our trust, and our hope, and our expectation.

This is the inheritance. What of the heir, and what may we expect from the character of his personality ? Personality always

tells ; but a personality set in the light of a great office is also obscured by the light of the office. The office tells as well as the man ; perhaps we may say that it tells even more. A man may make the character of his office by virtue of his own character ; but the greater the office, the more it is true that " office makes the man ". This is the hope and the comfort of those who are called to great office. They grow to its dimensions ; they rise to our hopes and expectations ; and they rise because they are aided by the hopes we bring and the expectations we cherish. Prestige hedges a king ; and it also sustains him. His office makes great demands ; but it also serves to elicit a natural and spontaneous response. We are all concerned in his success ; and all who have power to help him, by counsel and co-operation, will labour to make his success assured.

But the man counts, none the less. However great the light of the office may be, it will take some peculiar tinge of colour from the character of its holder. We expect the new reign to mark a new epoch ; and we take our cue for the new things we expect from what we know of the qualities and characteristics of our new King. He belongs to the twentieth century. He was only a boy of six when the nineteenth century closed. He is old enough to know how the problems of his century have arisen ; he is not too old to feel them as fresh and living problems, or to hope and long that his reign may see them, in some measure, solved. He is a link between the pre-War generation, in which he grew to manhood, and the post-War generation, among which he is called to reign ; and he is a link which is all the more valuable because so many of those who would have helped to bind the two generations were taken away by death between 1914 and 1918. It is the men between forty and fifty who are sparse in our national life ; and one reason, of more than ordinary cogency, which may enlist our sympathies on his behalf, is that many of the contemporaries with whom he served, and who might have been his co-adjutors today, are gone.

Each of our sovereigns, during the present century, has been progressively less formal than his predecessors. It is the genius of the times. Ceremony and form have their uses ; they screen the privacy of life ; they slow its movement down to a more leisurely and stately pace. But this is the part of the tradition

of our forefathers which has been most generally modified ; and we seek to-day, in most of our social relations, a quicker contact and an easier *bonhomie*. The new reign may carry us further still in a direction in which we were already going. It was a term of praise among the Greeks that a ruler should be called "easy to address" and "easy of access". They are terms which may come to be applied to Edward VIII. Accessibility is no demerit in the head of a great concern ; and there can be no concern in which it is less of a demerit than the managing of a community and the easing of all the relations and contacts involved in its life. But state is state ; and state is a necessary part of the working of the State. Glories and pomps conciliate the temper of a serious loyalty ; and there is a formality which both husbands strength and screens the *arcana, non imperii, sed domus*.

Time is a factor which counts today in the quick decisions of a rapid age. It flies ; but men have also begun to fly by its side. Perhaps it is a vain chase. The quicker we fly, the quicker time also flies ; and for all our speed we remain much where we were. But our age demands rapidity ; and the natural genius of our new sovereign will answer its demands. He has to think of a far-flung Commonwealth, in which he is legally omnipresent ; and the more ubiquitous his physical presence, the more will the legal fact become an actual inspiration. There is a certain terror, as well as an inspiration, in the thought. There are limits to physical endurance ; and labour in any great cause, for those who bear the burden, is often a matter of sitting still at a solitary desk or in the council room. It is a choice of Hercules—and even graver, because it is a choice between things almost equally good—to determine between the claims of rest and those of motion.

The problem which faces the King is a problem which also faces the nation. Stability ? Or experimentation ? Perhaps it may be the latter ; and perhaps the choice may be wise. We may have an age of social experiments, in a broad and generous sense of the term ; we may resolve to try new things, and to see what the new things bring. During the last few years, while he was still the Prince, the King threw his ardour and energy into the cause of social service. There can be few who

have forgotten the speech which he delivered upon that topic in the Albert Hall. There are many fields for social experiment and social improvement to-day, whether inspired and guided by the State or conducted by voluntary agency. The field of unemployment ; the new municipal housing estates, with their struggling community associations and their need of community centres ; the boys and girls of the nation, with the problems of their adolescent life, and their need of juvenile centres and general social guidance ; the efforts of capital and labour to find a common meeting-ground, with the proper forms and organs of amicable consultation—these are some of the fields which we have to explore and develop. It is a happy augury that already, at the end of last year and during the last months of the reign of George V, a new lift and a new sense of motion became perceptible. Perhaps it was caused by the easing of the economic strain ; perhaps it was partly due to the impulse of a general election, which stimulates promises to bud ; perhaps it had deeper grounds. In any case the new policy proclaimed by the leaders of the National Government at the end of last October, under the style of “ educational reform ”, was like a breath of spring.

Edward VIII has always seemed to his people an incarnation of youth. It is fitting that his reign should begin with a programme of action intended for the benefit of all the youth of the nation. It is not merely a matter of raising the school-age and of building new elementary schools. It is a larger liberation. It means more freedom of access to secondary schools and universities ; it means the improvement of technical schools, “ with a view to reaching the highest standard set in other parts of Europe ” ; and last, but not least, it means the strengthening of health and physique, from early infancy to the end of adolescence, both by medical aid and by systematic physical training. This training is to run beyond the age of school ; it is to be available for the young who are employed in office or workshop ; and provision is therefore to be made for aiding clubs and other voluntary organizations in the development of juvenile centres and the conduct of their work. It is hard to imagine a better inauguration for the reign of the King.

This is a matter which has touched his mind and moved his imagination. It is a thing independent of his accession ; and yet it will be associated with his accession, and it will be strengthened by his accession. He has been the comrade of the young ; and it is good to think of him going forward with them into a new age of richer opportunities. If George V could speak to his people as father, there is now a generation of them which may think of his successor as brother.

It may be that the end of 1935 and the beginning of 1936 will mark a new epoch in the history of international society, and of the contribution of our country to its strengthening. The page is not yet written ; it only contains, at the most, a bare initial sentence. If the sentence is continued in the same strain ; if the policy announced at Geneva early in the autumn of 1935 is carried on, and carried on successfully ; if a system of collective security is eventually built—and built enduringly—then the the new reign will mark a new epoch not only for our people, but also for the peoples of Europe. But there are many “ if’s ”, and the answer depends not on ourselves alone, but also, and equally, on others. Collective security demands collective affirmation. We can only go forward towards the impending fates of the future (like the hero in Homer whose saying Lord Carteret loved to quote), venturing ourselves and encouraging others to venture :

Quo nos cunque feret melior fortuna parente,
Ibimus, o socii comitesque.
Nil desperandum . . .

After great wars there is a period of looking back, of riding through the after-swell, of dealing with the after-effects and facing the consequences. Many years had passed after the Battle of Waterloo before men could begin to look forward into the future. Perhaps the time of looking forward may now be beginning for us ; perhaps it has already begun. Great things have been recently set on foot, which have to be carried out to their future consequences. There is not only a new initiative in international affairs. There is also a new conception of the British Commonwealth, expressed in the Statute of Westminster. There is a new conception of the future of India, expressed in

the Act which was passed last year. At home, and within our own frontiers, there are new hopes and "plans" (a ten-year plan for children; a five-year plan of economic policy) on which men's minds are engaged. A new reign, by its very novelty, in this conjuncture of our affairs, may be a reinforcement to hope and a trumpet-call of "*Prospice*".

There are fields of literature and science as well as of politics. Literature and science may give a reign its colour; or a reign may give its colour to them. The science of the reign of George V, as one looks back, seems predominantly a matter of physics. Physics and mathematics were the starting-points of philosophy; a succession of inventions, proceeding from physical research, affected and altered ordinary life and social habits. Perhaps physics, which has made such remarkable advances in recent years, alike in the field of pure theory and in that of practical application, may enter for a time on a period of quiescence. We are not likely to have so many physical inventions succeeding one another so rapidly; attention may turn from the science of matter to the science of life; biology may find new practical applications, and the general principles of biology (interpreted more deeply and less mechanically) may become the new incentives of philosophic speculation.

There is a rhythm in the vogue and the progress of the natural sciences; now this science has its day, and now it is succeeded by that. It is more difficult to detect any rhythm in the progress of literature or the vogue of its different forms. The reign of Edward VIII inherits two great literary figures from the past. What new figures will emerge in drama, the novel, and poetry, and how will the modes and tendencies of contemporary life colour their work and their creations? Genius follows its own law of emergence; but it may be possible to predict the colour which it will tend to take from its environment. If an age of social hope and experiment, of looking forward and planning, is an age we may fairly expect, we may also expect that literature will lose some of its introspection and some of its preoccupation with the knotty and tortuous problems of the esoteric mind. The joy of the spectacle of life, and of description of the great spectacle, which has always been the nerve of great literature, may return again. It was a hundred years ago that Dickens

published the *Pickwick Papers*. That was in the permanent tradition of our literature, which, like our painting, runs to the landscape and the portrait. Will it come back, and may we hope

Alter erit tum Tiphys, et altera quae vehat Argo
Delectos heroas ?

How natural it is to hope at the beginning of any new chapter of time, and how much each of us betrays himself by the hopes which he expresses ! There is no reason against hoping ; if hopes may be dupes, fears may also be liars ; and even a vain hope may leave a better legacy than an idle fear. But it would be a grave error to forget that there are fears as well as hopes. To some it cannot but seem a sad augury, and a cause of fear, that the beginning of a new reign should synchronize with a new beginning of armaments. It is wise, and necessary, to be guarded against the "if's" of the future ; but how embattled and frowning those "if's" are ! There are thunder-clouds ahead in 1936, as there were in 1910 ; and they are to be feared—but feared with a fear which is mixed with hope. The international system of 1936 is different from the international system of 1910. We have to put our hope and our strength into the new system and, if we arm, to arm only and solely in its defence and for its strengthening. If we do that, making our very fear the servant of our hope, we can enter on the new reign in sober confidence.

SPANISH AFFAIRS IN AN IMPASSE

BY WILLIAM C. ATKINSON

THE first result of the Spanish general election, conducted in orderly fashion and under due democratic guarantees, has been the proclamation of a "state of alarm", with martial law in the offing. The threats of disturbance underlying the proclamation came from the victorious party. Here are strange facts in a democratic republic. It may be true, as an official statement expressed it, that this is but the ebullience of national rejoicing: "The Republic has been confirmed and strengthened, enlarged and amended, as happens with the second edition of a book." The immediate future seems charged none the less with potentialities far removed from the spectacle of a democracy going on from strength to strength. Socialists and Fascists had alike openly vowed recourse to violence should the elections go against them. Violence is in the air, and the previous Azaña regime showed, that accession to office does not necessarily exorcise it.

Reaction has been defeated, but the new swing to the Left may soon cry out in vain for braking power. For the victory shows a numerical superiority in the new Cortes of Socialists, Communists and Syndicalists over their allies for the nonce, the Republican Left and Republican Union parties. How long that alliance will last in the coming session is the chief interrogation mark of the present situation. At least it seems premature to interpret the election results as a confirmation and strengthening of the Republic.

The real significance of recent political events in Spain is not the victory of this or that party in the Republic; it is the fact that the republican, the democratic, idea itself is in danger, and may not long survive. Many have doubted—and among them are some of the most authoritative voices of Spain, Unamuno,

Ortega y Gasset, Madariaga—whether it be not already long since deceased. It is no longer impertinent for the foreign observer to enquire whether this suggested bankruptcy, should it be a fact, is to be attributed to the Republic itself, to republicanism, or to Spain.

Long considered the most a-political of peoples, Spain is consumed of late by a feverish interest in this matter. But to spread widely is often to spread thinly, and it is the depth and seriousness of the interest that count. After a monarchy that had lasted, with one brief interlude, for fifteen centuries, Spain in 1931 rebaptized itself a democratic republic. There is no disputing the title, and those who bestowed it are minded to defend it passionately. Democracy and republic, however, are terms of serious import, that may not be lightly bandied about. Spain to-day has her full meed of problems, financial, educational, agricultural, regional; these are problems confronting her, not as a monarchy or as a republic, but as Spain. The specific problem confronting her as a democratic republic is to give proof and justification of her democratic republicanism. Spain has assumed a label. Has she assumed responsibility for the implications of that label? Cervantes and his contemporaries, living under a despotic monarchy, spoke freely and pertinently of "the republic". We know little Latin in this year of grace, and are in danger of forgetting what the word means. Did we not know less Greek, we might speak of idiocy as the root explanation of the failure of most of its modern invocations.

The founders of the Spanish Republic of 1931 made a number of grave assumptions. The gravest appear to have been two:

(1) On the conviction that the monarchy was radically vicious there followed the belief that only a republic gave promise of reform. Conviction and belief alike involve errors of reasoning. There is implied, first of all, a confusion of monarch with monarchy, and of monarchy with bad government. The possibility that the monarch, far from being a free agent, was merely the product of circumstances, the historical precipitate of his country's past, was overlooked. The monarchy may have been the fount of all evil; again, it may have been merely incidental. It is to be remembered that the Second Republic succeeded, not—like the First—a period of bad government by a monarch,

but a period of good government by a dictator. Alfonso happened to be caught in the dictator's wake; had he not, there would still in all probability be a monarchy. The belief that there is any consideration of inevitability attaching to or consecrating the new regime is dangerous, and has already had serious consequences. It is a sufficiently striking paradox, to begin with, even for Spain, that a country which has never been noted for democratic convictions or social cohesion should be pinning its all on democracy just when the principle is being discredited on every hand. It is demonstrable that there is no need to go outside the republican ranks to find dictatorial leanings.

(2) It was assumed that to enact a regime sufficed for its enforcement. That peoples mould constitutions, not constitutions peoples, is a hoary truism. Bolívar, the "Liberator" of Spanish America, held up the British Constitution to the admiration of twenty nascent republics as "that most worthy to serve as model to all who aspire to the enjoyment of the rights of man and to the highest degree of political happiness compatible with the frailty of our nature"; and Latin America has never recovered from the consequences. The commission that framed the draft constitution for the Second Spanish Republic similarly went abroad to look for ideas—to Weimar, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Mexico, Uruguay—and while the draft was under discussion the best-seller in Madrid bookshops was a compilation of the constitutions of countries all over the world. The subsequent promulgation in another connexion—plurality of offices—of a "Law of Incompatibilities" would have been still more pertinent here. Spanish history, Spanish temperament, Spanish economic conditions, are the touchstone of what legislation is at once feasible and desirable in Spain, however tempting it may be to include the latest thought on divorce from Moscow.

This, then, is a first indictment, that the Constituent Cortes did not set itself to consider what was feasible, but only what was desirable, and time with its whirligigs is now bringing home the lesson. Nothing, in effect, strikes the observer of the Spanish scene to-day more forcibly than the fact that all things suggestive of the old regime have changed their name, while few or none have changed their essence. The *Academia*

Española has dropped its "*Real*", the Plaza de Alfonso XIII becomes Plaza de la República, and if the Cine Royalty remains Cine Royalty, it is only from failure to apprehend the foreign word. But the Academy sessions continue as of old, the square has exactly the same amenities as before, and the films shown to a republican audience are neither better nor worse and make neither more nor less appeal than those shown to a monarchical public. Which suggests the possibility that the public has not changed either. There are subtle powers of resistance, conscious and unconscious, in a people long wedded to tradition, that legislators would do well to take into account. One remembers Primo de Rivera's decree that carts were no longer to be drawn through Madrid by more than three mules tandem, and the upshot: the farmer, arriving at the outskirts with his customary four, unharnessed the leading mule and tied it at the rear of the cart.

A government may be retrograde in effect through the very progressiveness of its intentions, and the whole history of the Republic to date is eloquent of the gap between idealistic legislation and public capacity to assimilate it. The excesses it loosed led to the first great recantation: the Republic that came to overthrow a dictatorship and reaffirm the saving grace of constitutionalism had no sooner enacted its Constitution than it overrode it with a "Law for the Defence of the Republic", which made of the premier a despot who flagrantly violated, often for no cause given, the most elemental rights inscribed in the charter. And the taste of power led to the first great betrayal: the Azaña government of 1931-33, having clung to office long after its constituent task was completed and shown the old evils of parliamentarianism again raising their heads, was defeated at last at the polls, whereupon the champion of democracy was straightway converted to a doctrine of violence. The rebellion of October, 1934, the blackest chapter in Spanish history for half a century, was largely the fruit of that conversion, and the end is not yet.

For the acid tests of democracy are, first, freedom of opinion with the right of the majority to prevail, and second, the capacity of the *demos* for self-government. The former demands that, however unpalatable be the will of the electorate, even, let us

say, to the restoration of the monarchy, the minority shall keep opposition within constitutional limits and subservient to the common good. The President's consistent refusal to invite to office the leader of the parties of the right, Gil Robles, whose following was the largest in the late chamber, because his republicanism is deemed suspect by the parties of the left, is here an illuminating commentary on the situation. The rub for the latter lies, of course, in the consideration that the republican doctrine of liberty, fraternity and equality, so primitive-sounding that the eighteenth-century humanitarians always assumed it to be operative among savage tribes the world over, calls on the contrary for a higher state of society than any the present world seems to offer for its perfect functioning. It requires a complete absence of self-seeking and personal animus, complete freedom from class-consciousness, a complete re-valuation of the normal objectives of human endeavour and individual ambition, in a word, a formidably complex process of education in political philosophy. Over half a century now the Spanish people has been subjected instead to an intensive process of political propaganda, in which the word has been so debased as to mean chiefly an angry grasping after rights and a sullen shelving of responsibilities.

To talk, therefore, of rectifying the Second Republic or to plan an outline for the Third must seem a mere begging the question until it be first asked, Why Republic? It does not follow from the fact that the monarchy was a failure that the Republic will be a success, as it does not follow from the collapse of the first avowed experiment in dictatorship that there will never be another. What are the basic qualities of the Spaniard's character and temperament as they affect this business of government?

None is more clearly established than his assertive egocentricity. The Spaniard's richest and most real life, it has often been observed, is that within. He communes equally naturally with himself or with his Creator, achieving now an individual, now a pantheistic harmony. Nowhere is individual contentment more self-sufficient, in no soil has mysticism struck more congenial roots. But between these extremes there stretch the wide expanses of social activity where man may neither

assert himself unchecked nor submerge himself wholly, but must contribute disinterestedly to the common weal, and here the Spaniard's weakness is manifest. Unable on the one hand to believe that a pursuit so impersonal can affect his personal well-being, and on the other to visualise concretely an objective characterized by the inevitability of its gradualness, he fails to understand the claim politics may have upon him or the criteria by which he should shape his political activity.

If participate he must, it can only be by way of some immediate, tangible objective. This may be the separation of Church and State, the breaking-up of the landed estates, the socialization of the banks, the outlawry of war, or easy divorce : his championship will in every case be stamped with its *ad hoc* nature and the inability to see the measure as part of a planned whole. Heroic but unco-ordinated enterprises are the *leit-motif* of his country's story. They lack the critical sense that can place things in perspective, and many a moment of vision "silent upon a peak in Darien" is vitiated for want of the constructive activity that should follow it up. Hence the Spaniard's facile descent into the Avernus of self-stultification, by identifying himself successively with measures that are contradictory *inter se*. The greatest contradiction of all, a regime planned to give the maximum of individual liberty that yet failed to relate this to social security, explains why the Constitution of 1931 was straightway followed by the Law for the Defence of the Republic.

The Spaniard lives so intensely in the present that his adoption of a cause commonly implies the ardour of the fanatic in its pursuit. The more passionately he feels about it, the less reasonable, inevitably, he becomes. A discussion conducted on an equable, dispassionate plane, without heat and without violent gesture, will not be a discussion among Spaniards, and the atmosphere of the Cortes is seldom in consequence that of cool reason. This implies the absence of the one quality above all others on which democratic government rests—the gift of compromise. The Spaniard cannot believe in the relativity of truth or derogate from the certainty of his own conviction. His opponents he sees engaged in a dark conspiracy to defeat the right, and, instead of seeking to demolish their case by logical

refutation, he will seek to demolish their standing by personal aspersion. The element of acrimony is never long absent from Spanish politics. It stimulates a superficial interest in the parliamentary scene, it discredits the institution.

On this same distaste for compromise, this same distrust of his opponent's integrity, there follows the Spaniard's tendency to precipitate execution before the implications have been duly weighed. He who sees the truth in a vision will speed impatiently to its realization, all caution scorning since from doubt he is absolved. The Spaniard may not indeed believe himself in possession of this divine absolution, but the impulse to ride down opposition in the most effective manner, that of presenting it with a *fait accompli*, added to his innate lack of a rigorously critical sense, will achieve the like result. It is good, for example, that education should be secular. Secularization, true, is going to deprive half the children of the country, for some years to come, of any education whatever. That difficulty must wait its turn: it will be faced *mañana*. For the day it is sufficient, and a glorious victory, to have disqualified the religious orders.

An inevitable accompaniment of such a conception of politics is that not only can there be no continuity in policy—and aimless drifting is bad enough—but it will swing violently from one extreme to another. To Azaña and his parliamentary majority the watchword was "Forward march, eyes left"; to Robles and his majority it became "Forward march, eyes right". Until some leader of a majority can be content with the orthodox "Forward march, eyes ahead", this discrepancy between feet and eyes must necessarily result in a zigzag course and much stumbling over the obstacles in the way.

It is the force of events, even at times the force of tradition—that inert traditionalism that in Spain is the bugbear of the reformer—that alone has preserved republican policy from jumping altogether the lines of the feasible. If to-day there is a Spanish Minister at the Vatican, if the religious orders are not entirely ostracized, if the policy of confiscation without compensation has been abandoned, if the cry of "Socialism in our day" has lost much of its stridency, these concessions to political realities, that to the founders of the Republic signify base treachery, may conceivably come to be seen as having made

possible its survival. The crowning paradox of the present position is the fact that the Republic has been kept in being by the suspect parties of the Right, who alone have shown some capacity for subordinating conviction and party allegiance to the national interest, and has been subject to constant attack, obstruction and undermining from the parties of the Left, these never pausing to enquire how their betrayal of democracy is to be reconciled with their claim to be the only repository of the true faith.

The best legislature, however, will beat the air unless it can count on a good administration, and Spanish administration, by Spanish admission, stands very low in the scale. The Civil Service in Spain will always be civil, since it is Spanish; by the same token one despairs of its ever being a service. Politics being to the Spaniard not an objective science but a battle of passion and party, it follows that victory will bring less the opportunity for service than the spoils of office. "Spain is a republic of functionaries of all classes" is the current popular travesty of the first article of the Constitution. This does not necessarily mean corruption: it does mean self-interest and incompetence. Official advancement in Spain knows one chief requirement, "*buenas aldabas*," influential doors at which to knock. The last requirement is technical expertness.

The Spaniard has an innate distrust of the specialist, who deals with objects and approaches human problems from a strictly objective standpoint. He pins his faith to intuition, and approaches things, if at all, given his profound contempt for them, from the human, subjective angle. Knowing how unreliable the average individual is, he will condone a similar unreliability in the average thing. "*Cosas de España!*" exculpates not only the Parliament or the postal service that breaks down, but also the lift that breaks down. If lifts never broke down—and it is a standing jest in Spain that another term for lift is "*No funciona*"—he might begin to wonder why a postal service or even a parliamentary system should ever break down, and with time they would perhaps break down no longer. But nothing less than a complete change in national temperament is likely to carry the Spaniard to the end of that very long road. The problem of technical efficiency, needless to say, confronts every Spanish government whatever the regime.

But the present regime came determined, among much else, to eradicate chronic maladministration, and the failure—again a technical failure—to make its projects of reform effective suggests once more that the Spanish people is not yet at the stage of self-government.

Integration, the ability to see the country and its problems whole, lies behind the whole business of government. Disintegration, the breaking up of the whole into ever smaller units that ignore when they are not hostile to one another, is a cardinal Spanish fact. Since Roman times Spain has been plural, and the "*patria chica*", the small fatherland, the region, is still the basis of appeal to both sentiment and reason. Separatism is but another aspect of egocentricity. A Spanish election is regularly contested by some fifteen or twenty parties, and this is less cause than effect of the irresponsibility of the electorate.

The issue comes down finally to the question of authority. There are only two alternatives. Authority must either be assumed or foregone. Democracy implies its serious assumption by the electorate and their insistence on serious guarantees from those they delegate to represent them in office. That seriousness in Spain is hard to discover. The renunciation of authority—and political honesty demands that a people that cannot demonstrate its capacity to exercise it should renounce it—leads one back to autocracy, and again political honesty demands that this be not necessarily regarded as retrograde. Efficient is as efficient does. Forms of government are good not in themselves, but in the measure of their conformity with the people governed. Spain was at its greatest in the sixteenth century, when its government was at its most autocratic, and its subsequent fluctuations in the scale of greatness have coincided closely with the fortunes of autocracy. The first steps towards the recovery of its rightful place in the twentieth-century world were taken by its first dictator, Primo de Rivera.

The dictatorship, it will be remembered, failed. It failed partly because of its inability, in a country so dispersive of its interests and energies, to weld national opinion into a compact whole, as Italian and German opinion has been welded, in pursuit of a national purpose, and partly because the intellectual minority that saw its civic rights invaded in a larger cause could

not forgive the offence. The failure was, in truth, more an indictment of the intellectuals than of the dictatorship, which functioned as the Republic that followed has not yet functioned.

If the republican form of government is still to be pursued as the ideal, one inference at least would appear to be obvious : its democracy must be on a selective basis. Such was the republic that Rome first brought to Spain ; such is the republic that Señor Madariaga would have when the time comes for a third experiment with the form. Every member of society has a claim to social privileges ; the a-political member of society has no claim to political privileges. To confer the vote on one who has no interest in voting and no knowledge of what it implies is to vitiate the electoral system. To go further, as some would go, and compel every voter to use his vote is to invite its annihilation. The privileges of democracy are consequent upon its responsibilities ; their enjoyment cannot precede the full assumption of these.

Meanwhile, the fact may not be evaded that the present regime has already shown itself, in spite of its revolutionary intentions, to be no less autocratic than its predecessors, and thoughtful observers question the gain in the change. To the realist the one pertinent question becomes that of deciding which of the various forms of autocracy is the most benevolent, the least self-seeking. On the answer given to this question by the Second Republic hang the chances of a second restoration of the monarchy.

THE NOVELIST'S EAR

BY H. E. BATES

CALLING on an old acquaintance, S., a retired farmer, I found the butcher there, a local preacher. It was Christmas Eve, and the elderberry wine came out in an earthenware jug, bottled up and spiced, and we were as garrulous as ducks. S. is a biggish man, with ripe wheat-coloured hair and moustache, and was a shoemaker before he was a farmer, a baker before he was a shoemaker, and a soldier in India before that. His idiom is rich. His wife is a mousey cotton-haired woman, very small, with a voice like a siren, who still speaks as though her men were three fields away. Forty and fifty years ago S. was something of a rake, and likes to talk about it. But things have changed, and the point I want to make is that S. and his wife are respectable country folk, regular at chapel, friendly and warm-hearted people who would rather die on the spot than have it said that they were not, in the local phrase, decent folks. And they are, in fact, eminently decent folks. And the butcher, being a local preacher, would like it to be said of himself too. Yet as we sat there, warmed by the wine and feeling Christmassy, it suddenly struck me that if I could record the speech of that respectable household and in due course reproduce it, verbatim, in this article, I should stand a very good chance of being charged with what the authorities at any rate would call indecency, always supposing I could get the printer to set me up in the first place. In fact, here was a speech, spoken by an unremote people in an England which one sometimes thinks of as over-civilized, that was as vigorous and embarrassing as Chaucer's : the sort of speech, in short, that has rarely been put on paper except by an isolated handful of novelists since the eighteenth century.

All of which prompted me to consider the question of speech in the novel of today and in fact in the novel of yesterday : to

consider not only whether it was a good idiom for its purpose but whether it was a good idiom at all, and whether it bore any close relation to the speech of life ; or whether it was not, perhaps, a completely bogus vehicle, clumsy and artificial, that had been invented and perpetrated by generations of novelists who either could not or would not listen to the everyday speech going on about them. If it was a good idiom, and in any way realistic at all, how was it that the conversation in the average and even above-average English novel was as sad as wet dough compared with the vital crispness of its American counterpart ? It was not simply that American speech, in reality, had such vastly superior vigour and colour. The speech of S. and his household proved that. Indeed, it proved something more : that there was very much more in common between the speech of S. and the Middle-west than between S. and the speech in the average novels of contemporary life in England. Nor is S. an isolated example, a rural show-piece unearthed by me for an occasion. He is typical of his district and his kind ; a hundred thousand people, I dare say, speak an identical idiom, with less or more Chaucerian flavour according to character, in his own district. Nor have I myself, as an outsider, suddenly become what the fancy writers call intrigued by it. It happens that it is my native speech ; it comes to me far more easily than the speech I habitually use. Nor is it what I might call a picturesque speech, such a speech as is put, for instance, into the mouths of rural wiseacres in cartoons and certain plays of rural life. It is, if anything, rather an ugly speech, brusque, droll, with a lot of uncouth edges which have never got rubbed off. Recorded euphonistically, it would look very ugly and perhaps a little crazy. It might even, like the speech of Joseph in *Wuthering Heights*, be almost unintelligible. Recorded with fair realism, it has as much character and gusto and even toughness as any speech by, for instance, the characters of Mr. Erskine Caldwell or Mr. William Faulkner.

The charge, often uttered by Americans, that the language of the contemporary English novel is stilted and lifeless is clearly a charge, then, against the novelist and not against the language of the life he proposes to portray. " Life ", an American critic pointed out recently, " is never in bad taste ". The same is

hardly true of speech ; but one might say, it seems to me, that no spoken language is bad language. It is only the bastard speech invented by novelists—and I am not so sure we are not all guilty of it at times—that is bad language. The speech of everyday life is the novelist's raw material. The speech we finally read in ninety-nine per cent. of novels bears as much relation to it as artificial silk to pig-skin. And it has been made, like the silk, by a synthetic process, an easy process, a process generally involving no more strain on the novelist than the simple acceptance of the formula evolved by the generation of novelists before him.

When I pointed out to a famous critic recently that almost all novelists had no notion at all of how the so-called common people spoke, he replied at once : " How should they ? They don't know and they don't listen ". We went on to discuss the point, and I instanced George Moore as a prime example of a front-rank novelist whose recordings of common speech were really pathetic. So long as Moore was dealing with the sophisticated and elegant lives of his own class he was on safe ground. The language of the so-called upper classes often tends to the pretentious, and if ever Moore himself was accused of being pretentious he could always retort that he was merely recording things faithfully as he saw and heard them, just as many novelists to-day, accused of obscurity, quickly retort that they are, after all, dealing with obscure lives. But once Moore got down to what, for want of a better term, I will call the servants' level, he crashed. He began to drop his aitches, put in a few " yers " for " yours ", and some expressions like " It goes to my 'eart, it do indeed ", and the demands of the naturalistic school were satisfied. *Esther Waters* is full of this academic realism. Contrast it with Dickens, with the conversations of, for instance, the waiter in *David Copperfield*, or better still, with the supreme garrulity of Sam Weller, and Moore's naturalistic school begins to look like a school for elegant milk-sucking amateurs. Contrast it still further with the speech of the Morel family portrayed by Lawrence in *Sons and Lovers*, and Moore becomes a joke. Moore, in short, did not know and had, one presumed, never listened. He used the synthetic process and kidded himself that he was turning out the real thing. It was not at all the real thing. It

was on a precise level with the speech of high society as recorded in *Peg's Paper*. It was bogus.

I take Moore, a great writer, as a supreme example. If I tend to exaggerate his defects it is only because he, as an intelligent and infinitely sensitive writer, ought to have known better. Moore was a great observer of life, but observation in a novelist is not enough. There is, it seems to me, a novelist's ear as well as a musician's ear. A writer ought to have an ear for character just as a player has an ear for music. His mind ought to be an apparatus—as Dickens' was—for the authentic recording of the speech of all kinds of people, not only servants and waiters and Sam Wellers, but solicitors, young girls, prize-fighters, parsons, imbeciles, shop-keepers, duchesses, farmers, and people in fact from every section of life. It ought also to be able to do something more: to record not only the speech of solicitors, young girls and so on, but the speech of solicitors in anger, of young girls in love, of solicitors in love, of young girls in anger—in short, all kinds of persons in all kinds of emotional states of mind. He ought to be able to record it—and reproduce it—with such an authentic accent, moreover, that anger or tenderness or bewilderment or joy are communicated to the reader at once in an integral part of the texture of the words, so that the speech speaks for itself, needing no underlining or elaboration; so that expressions like “he exclaimed emphatically” or “she pursued” or “with a hint of irony” will be as superfluous and unnecessary as a builder's scaffolding after the house is finished.

Such expressions are, however, still regarded by many novelists, and many accepted front-rank novelists, as indispensable parts of the fictional machine. Americans, thanks to Ernest Hemingway, have already blown the notion to bits, with the result that the dialogue in American novels is now sparser, more expressive and more telling than ever it has been. Tradition, on the other hand, dies hard here, and there is an amusing story of a young novelist who, commissioned to write a story, wrote it and was astounded to have it returned with a list of expressions that might have been used alternatively to the expression “he said”, which he had considered efficient enough for his purpose. “Why not”, the publisher wrote, “‘he exclaimed’, ‘he rejoined’, ‘he pursued’, ‘he answered’,

' he remarked ', ' he observed ', ' he ventured to say ', ' he expostulated ' and so on ? ' ' The answer of the novelist is unprintable here.

This same novelist has elsewhere remarked that it is not patent to many people that the novelist must learn his craft. We can all use a pen ; therefore why should we not all write novels ? This easy and dangerous deduction has resulted, he thinks, in contemporary literature being surfeited with amateurs. This is only too true, and one of the signs of such amateurism is this synthetic dialogue which I have already discussed. Not that this bookish manufactured stuff is always the prerogative of the amateur. Moore is not the only novelist in his class who did not know and did not listen. And the recording of dialogue seems to me the weakest thing in the English novel of today, just as it is the strongest thing in the American. The young American novelist has not been afraid of learning his craft. Especially he has not been afraid of listening to and recording the idiom of truck-drivers, ice men, typists, boxers, and so on, just as he heard it, and not as he fancied a fiction-lover would like him to hear it. In England, on the other hand, the opposite still holds good. Speech is too often recorded as fiction lovers would like to have it recorded, picturesquely and neatly and elegantly, and not as it is spoken—as it is spoken, for instance, in the house of my acquaintance, Farmer S., crudely, untidily, blasphemously, drolly, ungrammatically, with a traditional strength and vigour, as it is spoken in the wash-rooms of shop-girls, in the tea-shacks of lorry-drivers, by lovers, by children, by the so-called respectable, by business men, by all kinds of people under stress of emotion or in the everyday casual course of life. The average novelist does not listen. Or if he listens he does not record. He shirks it. He likes to rise a little higher, to be a little finer, than life really is. He is expected to rise a little higher and be a little finer. He is expected to conform to the synthetic standards. Therein, too often, lies his hope of success.

So we get a standardized speech for servant girls or mistresses or parsons or bus-drivers, a sort of general service formula which all can safely use. Now and then a novelist like Lawrence breaks out and gives us the authentic smack of Midland English,

and the formula is made to look as crude and cheap as it is in reality, and we see that there is no standard of speech, either in life or in novels, and that, in spite of that odd committee solemnly set up by the B.B.C., there never can be. This committee, impressively headed by Mr. Shaw, who ought to have known better, strikes me as being the most comic turn in the whole show of English public life. It sits like a man in sublime cocksureness chipping away at a mountain with a cold chisel, confident of levelling it. Happily the mountain of English, defiled or undefiled, is vast enough to keep the most ardent standardizer busy for a thousand years, and this odd committee will go down into history, if it goes down at all, simply as a comic turn. For it is not to this committee or to any other committee that the generations of a future England will turn when they wish to know what kind of stuff we spoke in 1936. They will turn to the novelists and dramatists, just as we ourselves turn back to Dickens or even further back to Shakespeare. Thus the novelist has it within his power not only to create character, but to record history, the history of the speech of his own day. We are apt to forget this, to mistake the novelist for a mass purveyor of amusement. The serious novelist knows better. He knows that speech is the key to character. He knows that it may, in turn, be the key to the character of an age. And as he listens to the speech of lorry-drivers and waitresses and generals and young girls and solicitors and porters and every other kind of person, he knows that if he does not record it no one ever will. And that is a singular responsibility.

THE RED ARMY

BY LT.-COLONEL H. DE WATTEVILLE (LATE R.A.)

IT is a remarkable fact that, in the countless books about the Soviet Union, so little attention should be paid to such an outstanding characteristic of the new Russian State as its whole military apparatus and the military spirit animating the entire nation. So general is this disregard of Russian military development, that scarcely any comment seems to have been evoked by the stupendous increases in the defence estimates of the Soviet Union during the past three years. Although the official data have been repeatedly made public, the following facts have never yet been questioned. The military estimates for 1934 were fixed at little short of 1,700 million roubles : in 1935 the figures rose to 6,500 million : for 1936 they reach the stupendous total of nearly 15,000 million. Moreover, side by side with this expenditure there has gone on a reorganization of the peace-time Russian army, whereby its former establishment is to be augmented from about 600,000 to roughly 1,250,000 men.

The Soviet authorities claim that such increases are called for, owing to German re-armament on the one hand, and by Japanese encroachments on the other. It may also be urged that the possibility of a Franco-Soviet military convention must entail a greater degree of military readiness on the part of Russia. To some extent this pleading may be correct ; yet this argument overlooks the entire development of the Soviet army during the past fifteen years. The U.S.S.R. is very far from being forced into a military policy which is unnatural or irksome to the nation.

It is true that after the Revolution of 1917 the profession of arms became anathema. So the new authorities remained content to set up a " Red Guard ", a force of some 60,000 men, mainly for defence against internal enemies. But counter-

revolutionary movements and foreign intervention, the inevitable sequel to the Bolshevik challenge, speedily dispelled these fancies. A considerable armed effort became urgent ; and by March, 1918, the Red Army numbered 150,000 men recruited for a three-months' term of service, the troops electing their own officers. Such an army was totally inadequate to meet the critical situation of the Bolshevik government, and in March of that year Trotsky was appointed commander-in-chief for the task of reorganizing national defence. But Trotsky clearly realized that no system of voluntary recruitment, combined with terms of short service, would yield the forces required. Then, again, no cadres were in existence wherewith to organize the new Red troops, and, still less, to command them. Recourse must of necessity be made to the surviving personnel of the old Imperial Army.

With much skill, and not without subterfuge, Trotsky gradually overcame the obstacles. The Red Army was steadily augmented until, at the close of the civil wars in 1921, there were not less than 5,500,000 men under arms. Amongst the officers nearly 50,000 had belonged to the *ancien régime* ; and, in addition, there were serving non-commissioned officers of the former Imperial Army to the number of over 200,000. A large proportion of the troops, however, had no stomach for campaigning, whilst their organization, armament, and disposition were either so faulty or wasteful of man-power that the fighting men in the firing line never exceeded 700,000.

With the close of the civil wars a complete change of policy was made by the Bolshevik government. The new social order was henceforth to be erected on what was, in point of fact, a purely military foundation, whilst the new Red Army was to be made an instrument for the education of the Russian nation in the Communist faith. Step by step this determination was put into effect, until in 1928 there came the first Five-Year Plan, and in January, 1933, the second Five-Year Plan. Both plans were, at bottom, calculated in terms of fighting power. The new industrial centres foreseen in the former were to be located according to the requirements of possible war, and grouped in such manner as would nullify the effects of, or render improbable, any attack upon them by hostile aircraft. The whole

industrial output of new Russia was calculated from the standpoint of production in time of war. In 1933, Stalin stated that the failure to realize the first Five-Year Plan in its entirety—only 93.7 per cent. of the programme having been completed—was due to the urgent necessity that had arisen for giving priority to the construction of factories capable of producing armaments. Recently it has again been officially declared that the second Five-Year Plan has been drawn up with a view to improving still further the defence capabilities of the Russian nation.

When, however, the Bolshevik rulers came to apply their new doctrines to the land, grave difficulties were encountered. Like any other old agricultural society, the Russian peasantry proved averse to change. The collectivization of the farms was stubbornly opposed. Nevertheless, the creation of great state farms was gradually forced upon the peasantry, and during this process there was always kept in view the eventual mobilization of the rural population for war. So the areas of the collectivized farms, complete with horses, tractors, and vehicles, coincide roughly with military units, while the workers employed thereon undergo military training together at stated intervals. Even the new farm buildings in frontier districts are being designed to withstand gas attack from the air.

By thus organizing both factory and farm on a military basis and by harping on the probability of an aggressive war being launched by capitalist Europe against the Soviet Union, the rulers of Russia have gradually succeeded in "militarizing" people and public opinion to an unparalleled degree. Every recourse available to government publicity and propaganda—press, broadcasting, film, and theatre—has been appropriated for the task of instilling into the Russian nation the paramount necessity for armaments and military training.

The education of the Russian child of either sex combines teaching in the Leninist doctrine with exercises of a purely military nature, until the boys are of age to begin their army training. Behind these juvenile organizations and the Red Army itself stands the "Ossoviakhim", the Soviet defence league for adults. Originally this was a voluntary organization which, by raising national subscriptions, presented some hundreds of tanks and aircraft to the Soviet defence forces. But the Ossoviakhim

has been expanded until it is now the instrument whereby military training is imparted to the adult Russian outside the Army : it may be regarded as a subsidiary branch of the armed forces of the Soviet Union, and is entrusted with the military training of all army reservists and of all men who are not actually trained with the colours. It now comprises over 13,000,000 members, a total which will shortly be raised to 20,000,000, including some 2,500,000 women and boys.

The Red Army, being the creature of the Communist Party of Russia, still retains a curious international strain in its composition ; but it is taught and trained for battle in much the same way as is otherwise usual in Europe. Political propaganda, however, is regarded as an important weapon of the Soviet forces. In fact the prospective employment, both strategic and tactical, of the Red cavalry is largely founded on this belief. In the words of Budienny, the noted cavalry leader of the civil and Polish wars : " in the coming war which will inevitably be transformed into the civil war of the international proletariat, and, what is more, into a guerrilla war, the numerous Red cavalry . . . will reap the victory of the revolution ".

Because the Red Army was raised and trained by personnel that was not viewed as " politically reliable ", minute care was taken to secure the loyalty of the new army. Accordingly there was created a dual system of command ; that is to say, by the side of the purely military hierarchy, and parallel with it, there was instituted a system of political commissaries and confidence men, which ran from the highest commands right down to the batteries, squadrons, and companies. But with the lapse of years, the commanders of all ranks who might prove unacceptable to the Communist Party have been dropping out. In 1929, it was duly decided to relax this system as a growing number of generals and other officers were, in fact, becoming entitled to combine military with political functions.* Nevertheless, the political personnel subsists, and is now kept engaged in the education of the Red recruit. The grip of the Communist Party on the Red Army is thus complete, and it is no mere accident that ex-soldiers who have been trained in the barrack-room by

* In 1925, 40 per cent. of the Soviet officers were members of the Communist Party ; in 1933 their number was nearly 70 per cent. and growing.

Communist educationists are being appointed to the provincial administration throughout the Union.

It may well be asked whether this absorption of the army by a political party, and its utter subjection thereto, have not been bought at the expense of military efficiency. Real military merit and professional knowledge must yield to political zeal; strict conformity to the Communist faith is still the first demand made of all soldiers. Accordingly, the corps of officers has gradually been purged not only of political suspects, but also of all who exhibit any independence of thought; it is being filled by true proletarians of factory-worker origin. The system of advancement to higher rank has augmented these shortcomings. There is, in fact, no possible doubt that the education of Soviet officers is deplorably low. The senior ranks acquired their military knowledge in a practical school, it is true: but what a school that has been! The civil wars of 1919-21, the Polish war of 1920. How could these be regarded as a school for great leaders? Since 1930 special courses have been instituted for senior officers at the Military Academy, so as to allow them to complete their education, while a class for the highest ranks was formed, in which the students were to be put through a "lightning course" of two years' duration. But is it possible to cram within the space of two years, and into men of over forty years of age, already of a low educational standard, the whole range of subjects which more intellectual heads require three years to absorb?

It is also a fixed rule that the true Communist alone can rise to high military position: in obedience to this principle certain arms and services are open only to men of approved political conviction, *e.g.*, aircraft and tanks; while every other arm, down to batteries and companies, must contain a fixed percentage of members of the Communist Party. As that Party numbers certainly less than 2,000,000 (a trifle over 1 per cent. of the entire population of the Soviet Union), it is clear that the Red Army is virtually an appanage of the Communist Party. Conversely the Party is not only dependent on the army for its position in the State, but also relies upon it to spread the Communist creed.

This same condition has led to considerable manipulation in

the selection of recruits from among the annual contingent of men attaining the age for service. In 1925 when Frunse set about consolidating the organization set up by Trotsky, this question of the fidelity of the rank and file was urgent. The recruits then numbered no less than 1,200,000 per annum. Out of these a very small number of men, who are considered indispensable for work in factories turning out war material, were permitted to perform their service in combination with their everyday work. The remainder was divided as follows :

(1) About one-third, say, 400,000, considered either "politically unreliable" or physically unfit pass into the class of "military workers without arms", that is, they are allotted to military works. Service in this class lasts three years.

(2) The remaining 800,000 are distributed among :

(a) "Cadre" formations, where normal long-service conditions of two years colour service prevail ;

(b) "Territorial" formations, where service—amounting to eight-eleven months, according to arms—is spread over a period of five years. These formations possess long-service officers, non-commissioned officers and men, in a proportion of 17 per cent. of their total.

(c) Service outside the colours, where the men are trained as opportunity offers, chiefly by the Ossoviakhim.

The training in the cadre formations has improved greatly during the past few years, until it can be regarded as standing not so far behind that of many Western armies, though handicapped, first, by the lack of real education, secondly, by the traditions and methods of the civil war. In the territorial divisions similar progress is being made, and in view of the foundation of the bulk of these divisions on the collective farm, that latter circumstance probably makes for a degree of real efficiency. The training of the men not absorbed into serving units might only be described as inadequate : these could only be fit to be trained to act as reserves in time of war.

The actual-number of men undergoing training is difficult to determine owing to the re-organisation in progress. The cadre divisions now probably possess a peace strength of nearly 600,000. The strength of the territorial divisions can hardly be given with any degree of accuracy. Of the 500,000 recruits available until lately, any number from one-half to the whole could be absorbed for training. In time of war the Soviet armies are said to be capable of mustering a total of 12,000,000 men, although the varying degrees of training which this colossal mass of troops may have

received must render entirely valueless any such calculations. The Soviet authorities claim to be able to place 6,000,000 men in the field in a few weeks.

During the past few years there has also taken place an expansion of the Russian air force which eclipses all similar progress made in so short a time in any other part of the world. Ten years ago, that is, in 1925, at the time of Frunse's reorganization of the Red Army, the latter could count at most on some 500 aircraft, all of foreign construction; and these were but an adjunct to the army. Now, at the close of 1935, it can be computed with every degree of certainty that the Soviet Union possesses an air force that should be able to place at least 4,000 first-line aircraft into the air. This is probably four or five times as large as the British Royal Air Force. All these machines, moreover, are of Russian manufacture, and of the many types included in that total, several are of proved quality, if belonging to a passing epoch. But the work of the new Aerodynamical Establishment at Moscow is now producing modern designs that are rapidly superseding the obsolescent. New aircraft factories, that are as the apple of the eye of the Communist Party, are springing up. The élite of the Russian engineering and scientific world is being deflected into these works: the pick of the annual recruit contingent is selected for the air force. In spite of a low standard of general education, the Soviet air officers and pilots possess a good technical knowledge and are good airmen. In addition, phenomenal efforts are being made to develop civil aviation and there can be no question that they are bearing fruit. The greatest importance is attached to the creation of a fleet of bombing aircraft, which it is intended to employ in ruthless fashion on any outbreak of war.

So far as it goes, the Soviet air force is a truly powerful arm. But there has to be set against this first-line strength the counterbalancing fact that this air force is increasing at a prodigious rate and that, in all probability, it is lacking in every kind of reserve, both in personnel and material.

Both on the ground and in the air the Soviet government thus seems determined to have at its disposal armed forces that shall be greater than any others in existence: hence the huge increases in tanks, aircraft, and all adjuncts for chemical warfare. The Red

Army now possesses at least 10,000 tanks. In this process the Far Eastern Army is being made virtually independent and self-supporting. Blagoveschensk, situated on the River Amur, is to become a great centre for the production of munitions. In this manner does the Soviet Union contemplate "a war on two fronts". At the same time the Red Army is certainly attempting to become more closely akin to those of other European Powers. In June, 1934, the momentous step was taken of dissolving the Revolutionary Council in whose hands lay the supreme direction of the Soviet armed forces, and of placing these powers in the hands of the sole Commissary for Defence, now Voroshilov. Soviet army officers have been in France at manœuvres and even at Aldershot. The old ranks and titles of the old army are now being revived.

The value of this formidable military organization on land and in the air is hard to estimate. Since 1932 many military and aerial missions—French, Swedish, Italian—have visited the Soviet training and flying grounds: several have since expressed themselves as impressed with what they saw. There is little doubt that in the past ten years, since Frunse reorganized the Red Army, immense strides have been made in its training and equipment. The training regulations have been revised and follow German models. Chemical warfare forms an integral part of the Soviet technique of battle; chemical detachments are part of the establishment in every combatant unit. Physically, the personnel is in no whit inferior to the Western European standard. On the parade ground the Red Army presents an imposing spectacle: like many other things in Russia it is impressive by its mass.

On the other hand, a grave weakness of the Red Army has been the split that has tended to separate the factory operative from the land worker. So great was this that the cadre divisions composed of factory artisans alone, for a time at least, became antagonistic to the territorial divisions, certainly to those whose peasant elements had been forcibly collectivized. It was this difference that caused the Soviet Government to avoid mobilizing any territorial troops for service in the Far East during the small war that the Soviet Union waged against the Chinese in Manchuria some years ago. In 1932-33 the

antithesis between peasant and factory operative was growing so bitter that it is doubtful whether the Soviet authorities would have ventured to order a general mobilization. Things have changed greatly since then, for the political educational staff has been inoculating the peasant recruits with a bitterly anti-foreign virus. In Germany especially, the opinion has been gaining ground that the Red Army is becoming more homogeneous and a truly redoubtable instrument of war.

There are two outstanding circumstances however, which render the use of this huge army highly problematic : the first is the utter inadequacy of the Russian railway system to move and to feed such enormous numbers of men ; the second is the phenomenal decline in the horse population of Russia occasioned by the changes in the agricultural methods in vogue ; for the peasantry has ceased to breed animals. The aerial and mechanized formations stand on a rather different plane ; since there exists a grave doubt whether Russian industry, as now constituted, could maintain these services in an effective and war-worthy condition for more than a very brief period of attack. The Russian air fleet in particular is formidable in numbers ; it is intensely modern and inventive ; it is animated with the latest theories of air warfare. Yet even its most fervent admirers outside the Soviet Union seem agreed on that one point, namely, that neither air force nor aircraft industry as yet possesses that staying power which is an indispensable condition of any prolonged air warfare.

The Red Army, however, has one characteristic that does render it a thing to be feared. This is the use of subversive propaganda as a weapon of war. This application is studied openly in the training of the army ; and elsewhere is being prepared in secret for employment in every possible theatre of war, and in every type of campaign.

STAKHANOVISM

BY MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

WHEN the October Revolution put them into power, the Bolsheviks at once nationalized industry and the land.

An immediate difficulty arose. How were they to stimulate production when they had no incentive to offer? The old system had held out to diligent workers the prospect, however remote, of more money and therefore of social advancement; under the Bolshevik system, power and privilege and material comfort were the reward of political, not economic, efficiency, and the slogan "To Each According to his Needs" made all extra exertion altruistic.

The hysterical propaganda that accompanied the Five-Year-Plan to some extent got over this difficulty. It resulted in artificially stimulating industrial production, but at the expense of agriculture; and as soon as the excitement died down the Bolshevik bosses had to admit that, despite improved technique, the output of the Soviet worker still remained deplorably low by European or American standards.

What did they do? They tightened up factory discipline and introduced the piece-work system in its crudest form. Equalitarianism was condemned as petit-bourgeois and counter-revolutionary. Now the process has been carried a stage further by the introduction of the speed-up, a device for accelerating production that has been frequently and vehemently denounced in Socialist and Communist literature as one of the vilest instruments of economic oppression. What happens is that, to earn more money, a particularly efficient worker manages to increase his output. Thereupon, the minimum output, or norm, on the basis of which piece rates are calculated, is raised. Thus all the other workers suffer for his efficiency, without its being in the long run of any benefit to him.

The manner in which the speed-up has been introduced in

the U.S.S.R. is characteristic of Soviet methods. A certain Alexei Stakhanov, a pneumatic drill operator in the Donbas coalfields, was found to have increased his output fivefold. He did it by concentrating on drilling, and arranging for his three mates to do all the hewing and hauling. In this way his pneumatic drill was of maximum usefulness. It was the sort of common-sense plan that might have occurred to anyone.

However, the local party boss advertised Stakhanov's achievement, managing to associate himself with it; the Moscow newspapers took him up; the Kremlin heard of him, and Stakhanovism became all the rage in journalistic and party circles, if not amongst miners and factory workers.

In Moscow, when he was brought there, Stakhanov was lionized. Typists looked at him with awe, an authentic proletarian hero; even members of the Politbureau slapped him patronizingly on the back, and Soviet men-of-letters felt that he was just the type of man they had been trying to get across in their plays and novels. It was as though D. H. Lawrence had really met one of his phallic gamekeepers or Mexicans.

Stakhanov himself had a grand time. He was given a motor car, and his pockets were stuffed with roubles. The local party boss who had discovered him showed him off in the Kremlin. He was constantly photographed, and interviewed by the Press, both Soviet and foreign, and Stakhanovism was absorbed into the Party Line. It became a cult. Local Stakhanovist committees were formed, and a conference of Stakhanovists assembled in Moscow with the original Stakhanov present and Stalin presiding.

Stalin has filled many roles and preached many gospels since he succeeded Lenin. His latest is genial, fatherly, bowler-hatted, gather-ye-rosebuds-while-ye-may. He undertook recently a special flight to Tiflis to spend a day with his mother, and is nowadays usually photographed with his arm through a friend's, or holding a child on his shoulders, or having a romp with a party of Pioneers or young Communists. His line on Stakhanovism fitted in with this role. After all, he argued, we want to be happy, and to be happy we must have abundance of everything. Let us, then, all be good Stakhanovists and speed up production. It had a Rotarian flavour—"I for one believe

in high wages and in harmonious relations between employer and employed". Red Rotary. The Stakhanovists applauded uproariously, and Stakhanov himself said modestly that really the movement ought to be called Stalinism.

In the factories Stakhanovism had a much more dubious reception than in Moscow. It was all very well for large wage increases to be offered for increased output, but what was to happen if the increased output became fairly general? Were there to be large wage increases all round, or would, as everything suggested, the increased output become a new norm, and wages remain the same?

If genuine trade unionism had not long ago been ruthlessly stamped out, there would have been strikes. As it was, there were isolated acts of violence on the part of non-Stakhanovists against Stakhanovists, and, according to reports in the Soviet Press, cases of Stakhanovist workers being deliberately sent to work dangerous seams. Inevitably opponents of Stakhanovism have been labelled counter-revolutionaries, and get beaten up as ruthlessly as kulaks. They are, in fact, industrial kulaks, men with some rudimentary idea of having certain rights, and resentful of being treated as no more than impersonal elements in a great centralized machinery of production. Hitherto industrial workers have been, by comparison with the peasantry, pampered. Now it is their turn.

Stakhanovism, that is to say, has two aspects. It represents an expression of the sort of inverted snobbery which makes the new Soviet ruling class idolize a super-worker like Stakhanov, just as the new capitalist ruling class idolizes successful bankers who start as newsboys. Stakhanov is the Soviet equivalent of the Local Boy Who Makes Good. Also Stakhanovism represents an attempt on the part of the Soviet Government to speed up industrial production by making use of the rawest capitalist methods backed up by its own methods of terrorism.

I wonder what the British trade unionist thinks about it?

VINCENT MASSEY

High Commissioner for Canada

BY BROOKE CLAXTON

ENGLISHMEN will naturally think of Vincent Massey, Canada's recently-appointed High Commissioner, as a Canadian. They would be surprised to learn that some Canadians think of him as too English. Actually, he has more North American blood in his veins than most Americans, and he is none the less thoroughly Canadian. However, a biographical appreciation of a living man, published in the country to which he is Canada's accredited representative, is not the place to try to sort out the tangle of relationships resulting from Canada's British association and her North American situation.

Vincent Massey's ancestor, Geoffrey Massey, went from Knutsford, Cheshire, to New Salem, Massachusetts, in the seventeenth century. In 1800 his great-great-grandfather made the return to British soil, settling as a farmer in Upper Canada in good time to fight on the British side in the War of 1812. With him came his son, Daniel, who was interested in the application of machinery to agriculture and brought the first threshing machine into Canada in 1830. Daniel's son, Hart, was even more interested in machinery, and persuaded his father to open a machine shop and forge near the farm. Until 1847 farming still came first, but in that year Daniel built at Newcastle, Ontario, a machine shop and foundry for the manufacture of agricultural implements. It was Daniel's son, Hart, who developed the business to one of the greatest of its kind, with branches or agencies throughout the world. It grew with the growth of Canada. Massey factories spread over Ontario as Massey machines opened new wheat-lands in the Canadian West, in the Argentine, in Australia, and in Russia. When the

family interests in the business were finally bought out in 1927, it had been in the control of the Masseys for four generations. The last of the family to direct its fortunes was the subject of this article, who from 1921 to 1925 was president of the company.

But Vincent Massey's mind and energies were never confined to the direction of even a great and successful industrial concern. Almost from his college days he was plunged into occupations and interests which were closely knit with the liberal life of Canada. After his university years in Canada he had been to Balliol, where he read history, and it was to the posts of lecturer in modern history at the University of Toronto and dean of residence in Victoria College that he went on his return to Canada in 1913. Two years later he married Alice Stuart Parkin, daughter of Sir George Parkin, who was widely known throughout the Empire and the United States as secretary of the Rhodes Trust. In her Vincent Massey found a wife who to an unusual degree shared his life and contributed to his work.

During this time he was assisting from day to day in planning and supervising the construction of Hart House at Toronto University. This building, begun in 1911 and finished in 1919, was erected by the Massey Foundation as a memorial to Hart Massey. Hart House was conceived as a means of offsetting the great disadvantage of a university in a large city by providing all the facilities for a rich undergraduate life outside the classroom. In conception it was unique. Here under one roof in a building of great beauty are grouped about a quadrangle a Great Hall, common rooms, library, rooms for music, art, and debate, chapel, gymnasium, even a swimming pool and a theatre with seats for five hundred persons. It is more than a club or union ; it breathes a living spirit which has had its influence in other universities as well as on the thousands of Toronto men who have used its halls.

During the early post-War years, and before he found his vocation in politics and diplomacy, Vincent Massey showed a lively concern in education and in art and music. It would be tedious to give a list of the colleges and institutions of which he was governor or president. But more important than his support of organizations has been his encouragement of Canadian artists and musicians, often struggling for recognition and a livelihood

in the face of deep-rooted prejudice. He is one of few Canadians to have a great collection of modern Canadian pictures. His unusual willingness to look at new things as if there might be something good in them has had its influence on the National Gallery and various Ontario collections including, that at Hart House. In future years, they will thank him for the presence on their walls of great examples of the work of the "Group of Seven" and the younger Canadian painters who paint Canada as it appeals to them and not through a Dutch mist.

During the post-War years the Masseys built their house, Batterwood, near Port Hope, sixty miles east of Toronto, and thither came distinguished visitors and artists, musicians, people with ideas. In 1925 Batterwood began also to be used as a political headquarters. In September Vincent Massey was appointed as Minister without Portfolio in Mr. King's Liberal Government on its reorganization before the general election of that year. He resigned his directorships (a thing not always done on taking office in Canada) and contested Durham constituency in which he lived. His entrance into political life was regarded as significant even by his opponents. Here was a Canadian, qualified for public life and financially free to pursue it, giving up the possibility of making more money and offering himself for the public suffrages. But Durham, traditionally a Conservative stronghold, rejected him after a hard fight, embittered by assertions that in supporting the lower-tariff Liberal party, Vincent Massey had deserted the manufacturing interests which had nurtured him—treason!

Vincent Massey was not a candidate in the next election but, after the Liberal party resumed office, he was with the Canadian delegation at the Imperial Conference of 1926, which produced the Balfour Report. That document concerned Massey in a very immediate way. After the famous declaration that the British Dominions "are autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status", the report went on to deal with questions of diplomacy, and later, the Summary of Proceedings noted that "practically all the Dominions are engaged to some extent, and some to a considerable extent, in the conduct of foreign relations, particularly those with foreign countries over their borders. A particular instance of this is

the growing work in connection with the relations between Canada and the United States of America which has led to the necessity for the appointment of a Minister Plenipotentiary to represent the Canadian Government in Washington ”.

The appointment of the Hon. Vincent Massey had just been made. In sending Canada's first Minister to the United States Mr. King was acting on arrangements made as far back as 1920 by the Conservative Government of Sir Robert Borden. This notwithstanding, the step was now opposed by the Conservative party and press. It would, it was said, make for difficulty between the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. What about the unity of the Empire? How could the United States receive two sets of views from His Majesty's representatives? Any influence and prestige the Canadian Minister might have would come from British support. Mr. Bennett, then leader of the Conservative Opposition, said :

“ It is the last great adventure in our relations with the British Empire. It is but the doctrine of separation. It is but the end of our connection with the British Empire.”

Canada, however, remained in the Empire long enough for Mr. Bennett to appoint the Hon. W. D. Herridge to succeed Vincent Massey at Washington.

The fact is that the step, which had first been discussed in the 'nineties, was long overdue, and Vincent Massey's appointment gave general satisfaction in the United States as well as Canada. Anyone not living in North America must find it difficult to understand the relations between the two countries. The boundary was, Vincent Massey said, “ not a frontier ; it is not even a point of separation ”, but “ a meeting ground between two friendly states, made safe by modern common sense ”, though “ complicated by modern science ”. Vincent Massey was well qualified to deal understandingly with the thousand and one diplomatic difficulties made by the presence of a boundary between two peoples having joint possession of a continent. Twenty-four of his speeches in the United States are collected in a book under the title *Good Neighbourhood*. They show how well he did this branch of his diplomatic work.

In May, 1930, he was appointed to succeed the late Hon. P. C. Larkin as Canadian High Commissioner at London, but

before he could take up his office, Mr. King's government was defeated and Mr. Bennett succeeded him. The question whether Massey should go to London became a subject of general discussion. Many thought that the occupants of such offices should not change with a change of government, but, like corresponding British appointments, should continue at their posts unless they ceased to enjoy the confidence of the government. The previous High Commissioners had been Sir Alexander Galt (appointed in 1880), Sir Charles Tupper, Lord Strathcona, Sir George Perley, and the Hon. P. C. Larkin. None of these except Lord Strathcona had continued in office after a change of government, and there was a good deal to be said for the view that the holder of the office should be in the confidence of the government of the day to a degree which might be impossible if prior to his appointment he had been active on the other side of politics. That is the view Mr. Bennett took. Vincent Massey resigned and temporarily retired from public life, but not from public service.

After 1930 the Masseys lived at Batterwood. Vincent Massey's interests at this time are indicated by his chairmanship of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs and of the Canadian delegation to a conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations at Shanghai in 1931. But he continued to be deeply immersed in internal politics. He became, in 1932, President of the National Liberal Federation, and as such he was responsible for the organization of the Liberal campaign in the recent Dominion election. No small part of the Liberals' success at the polls in October last was due to the organization he created. Within a few weeks of the election, he was again appointed to represent Canada at London. For five years the appointment had been regarded as inevitable.

Despite his activity in politics, most people have not thought of Vincent Massey as a politician. It is significant that his first introduction to public life was not in party politics but in government service during the War. His close friendship with Mr. King, his interest in the educational work that might be done through political organization, still more, the absence of other avenues to public service in Canada, it was these rather than any liking for the political game which led him back to politics after

his retirement from Washington. His speeches on the hustings are serious discussions of policy which, for the electorate, do not make up in lightness what they lack in heat. He said : " Toleration of differences is the measure of civilization ". He is a liberal in every sense of the word, but a liberal who reluctantly admits the necessity of regulation. He said at Port Hope in 1933 " While freedom at one time meant freedom from Government interference, it now means freedom by government regulation. Individualism, however ' rugged ' it may be, can no longer be left to itself ". For holding such views, for living the good life, for supporting good causes, Vincent Massey has been regarded with some suspicion by the " safe " people in Canada (who are very safe)—" A man of his substance should be making money and playing golf." The role of Mæcenas, however well acted, must grate on some members of the audience.

But in fact no one doubts his ability and zeal to serve Canada and Canadians in the many-sided functions of his important position. He " knows his way round " in England and his wide experience and ready resource will be useful to both countries in countless ways. The only hesitation felt in some quarters about his appointment was on the score that he was too English, that he was not sufficiently aggressive a Canadian to represent the Canadian point of view. His obvious liking for English life (and his very real qualifications to live it) would, they thought, make him fit into Mayfair and Whitehall so well that the English would forget that he was a Canadian, while Canadians would forget his existence. It was also based on the repeated references in his American speeches to the " unity of the Empire ", which made it appear that he was an Imperialist, a word many Canadians do not like. But it should be remembered that if he is an Imperialist, he is one of those who assisted at the Imperial Conference in 1926. He said : " We have a new nationality with an ancient allegiance ". Moreover, his American speeches were made while he was Minister to the United States where it was apposite to refer to the voluntary ties which unite the new Empire.

While he has said that support of the Covenant of the League of Nations should be the cardinal point in Canadian foreign policy, Canada's relations with the United States almost escape

classification under "foreign". Good relations with the United States must be cultivated as between close neighbours. But this does not mean that Canada should be subservient to or should imitate the States; neither is necessary. Vincent Massey, more than most, has worked to emphasize the distinctive characteristics of Canada and to stimulate the growth of what is both different and good in its life.

That has been, after all, the outstanding service that the Masseys (for it is impossible to separate Vincent Massey in this from Mrs. Massey) have rendered to Canada. They have stood for distinction and excellence whether it be in music, in a painting, in the way a man speaks or behaves. They hate the common and the commonplace.

Vincent Massey's appointment to London has already raised the question as to what lies before him. Only forty-eight, experienced in the public life, generously endowed by nature and good fortune, what does the future hold for him? Some day he might become Minister of Foreign Affairs in Canada (since 1912 that post has been held by the Prime Minister), or principal of a great university, even enter other service abroad. For the time it is sufficient to say that his present job gives greater scope for a man of his peculiar qualifications than any other.

THE MIDDLE-BROW FILM

BY GRAHAM GREENE

“ ONE thing I will say for my country cinema: we don’t get Hollywood films. They are all English!”

Neither her opinion nor the fact came as a surprise to me, for I knew Y. well, a woman rather under middle-age of an intelligence which nowadays is known as middle-brow, that is to say, an intelligence which has grown up as little as her face, so that the books and art which once seemed to the very young woman so lively and cerebral still excite her. And as for the fact, I had learned its truth grimly in many walking tours: the English film has definitely conquered the English provinces—it is even invading America. We used to think that its shortcomings were due to lack of money, so that players and technicians went to Hollywood: now Hollywood is in the hands of the bankers, the tide has turned the other way, English producers have all the money, the stars and the camera-men they need, but somehow the films haven’t altered much.

I said, “I won’t argue with you about America, though I’m tempted to give one prod in passing and ask you when we have produced in this country fictional films of the standard of the early gangster film, *City Nights*, of *The Front Page*, or *Crime Without Passion*, comedies as good as Capra’s *It Happened One Night*, melodramas even equal to such routine stuff as *China Seas* and *G-Men*”.

“You aren’t going to talk about Art and Beauty, I hope?”

“No, only about Entertainment, and then only in fictional films, for otherwise I’d have to admit that no country in the world, even Russia, has produced documentary films of such value as Basil Wright’s *Song of Ceylon*. *Song of Ceylon* was made by John Grierson’s production unit, and though, like that amusing satire on the B.B.C., *The Voice of Britain*, it’s been shown at the ordinary cinemas, most of the G.P.O. films—I wish you could

see *Coal Face*, for which W. H. Auden wrote a chorus—are not released in the ordinary way. Grierson has built up a public of several millions, in clubs, lecture halls, provincial film societies, quite independent of the cinema circuits. So he need not please the exhibitor, and it would be unfair to compare his work with that of the ordinary studios. In any case we can damn them without the comparison ”.

“ Well, then, I counter your American gangster films with Hitchcock’s. Didn’t you like *The Man Who Knew Too Much* and *The Thirty-Nine Steps* ? ”

“ I wasn’t bored ; I enjoyed the last film quite a lot. But is there very much in Hitchcock ? Like Anthony Asquith he’s tricky, not imaginative. Some of his tricks are quite good tricks : you remember in his last film how the scream of the charwoman finding the murdered woman was cut to the shriek of the Flying Scotsman rushing north. There was a time when both Asquith and Hitchcock were quite prepared to give interviews on nothing more important than tricks of that kind, and Hitchcock’s films—especially *The Man Who Knew Too Much*—are simply made up of tricks, in their plots as well as their direction. They give a momentary impression of great liveliness, that’s all. Only compare that kind of cutting with the cutting in *Song of Ceylon*, when the sounding of a priest’s bell on a mountain side startles a small bird from its branch, and the camera follows the flight of the bird and the notes of the bell across the island. Both cuts are visual metaphors ; if you reduce them to their literary terms you can tell the difference in quality, for all Hitchcock is saying, with the added vividness and speed of photography, is that the charwoman’s scream is like the whistle of the express coming out of a tunnel ”.

“ You’re coming close to judging Hitchcock æsthetically. Remember we agreed to talk about films only as entertainment ”.

“ I know, but a melodrama is meant to excite (*Crime Without Passion* was ranting melodrama almost of *The Bells* order, and how it excited !), and my complaint about Hitchcock is that he amuses but he doesn’t excite. I should like to see him take over Ben Travers’ excellent farces. He hasn’t enough imagination to excite ; he doesn’t convince. For one thing he’s so careless. Think of the ease in *The Thirty-Nine Steps* with which

his hunted hero managed to get down from Scotland to the London Palladium, although all the way up to Scotland, and while he was in Scotland, his pursuers were always close on his heels ”.

“ I agree, but one didn’t notice it at the time. Dr. Dover Wilson admits that as a good enough excuse for an inconsistency in *Hamlet*, so surely we can allow it to Hitchcock ”.

“ But I did notice it. I’m certain—do forgive me—that if your observation had not been dulled by seeing too many English films at your country cinema, you would have been as irritated by it as I was. For it was an amusing film and could so easily have been an exciting one. The whole business of melodrama on the screen is interesting. You notice how film critics are always hailing melodramas—*The Thirty-Nine Steps*, for example, and in the underworld of criticism Walter Forde’s two pictures *The Tunnel* and *King of the Damned*—as *great* pictures. It would seem odd if Charles Morgan reviewed *The Perfect Alibi* and the *Two Mrs. Carrolls* as *great* plays. But this can be said for the film critics: melodramatic material is usually good material for the screen, because in spite of such well-meant art-and-craft efforts as *Riders to the Sea*, a version of Synge’s play which was privately shown some time ago, a film should move and move fast. Cinema is an art of movement; the theatre, because of its limitations in space, is an art of discussion, a fact which Dryden’s plays illustrate just as well as Shaw’s. Montage, a method which one seldom sees in this country outside Mr. Grierson’s units, is really only a method of balancing speed of movement with speed of thought and idea.

“ But perhaps we ought not to talk of melodrama in this way. The term melodrama should only be used disparagingly for failure: for violence insufficiently explained. *Othello* uses melodramatic material, but it is not a melodrama. Now the stage has to transform melodramatic material by depth of characterization or by placing the individual drama in its general setting. It is less the characterization of *The Duchess of Malfi* than the vividness of the corrupt Italian scene which ‘explains’ the violent material. But we have almost given up hope of hearing on the contemporary stage words with a vivid enough imagery to convey the climate of the play. Only one such trans-

formation on the modern stage comes to my mind : the opening scene with the two prostitutes in Eliot's *Sweeney Agonistes*. But it is easier to work in pictures than in words, and the film possesses an advantage over the stage when genius is absent. Take, for example, the French film of the Spanish Foreign Legion, *La Bandera*. On the stage this would have been only one more melodrama of African heat and brutality and death, but the camera, because it can note with more exactness and vividness than the prose of most living playwrights the atmosphere of mean streets and water-front cafés and cheap lodgings, gives the story its setting, its authenticity. The violence is explained and therefore ceases to be melodramatic.

" But can we say that Hitchcock explains ? Do you believe in his London streets and music halls ? They always have a slight air of caricature about them. You can say it even less of Walter Forde. What both these directors need, if they are ever to transform their melodramatic material, is the documentary eye. As it is, they invent and do not see. This isn't an æsthetic question alone : we can't be properly *entertained* by their stories unless we are excited, and we can't be excited unless we are convinced. Take the case of Forde. He was a director of promise. His *Rome Express* was at least as good as Hitchcock's melodramas. The battle scenes in *For Ever England* were excellent (the period scenes were caricature and quite out of keeping), but one imagines that some of their quality may have been due to his technical adviser ; it may have been a triumph for the Admiralty as much as for the director. Now he has been given spectacle to direct, and in *King of the Damned* you see the weakness of his observation. A director can be judged to some extent by the casting of the smaller parts : it is on these that the setting chiefly depends, but Forde allows the reality of his tropical penal settlement to be broken by an O.U.D.S. accent among his convicts. As for *The Tunnel*, it was one of the very few films I have been unable to sit through "

" You've forgotten Korda "

" He's a great publicist, of course, the Victor Gollancz of the screen. Only a great publicist could have put over so many undistinguished and positively bad films as if they were a succession of masterpieces. *The Private Life of Henry VIII* : it

wasn't a film at all, but a succession of stage tableaux, sometimes entertaining, sometimes amazingly cheap. *Catherine the Great* and *The Scarlet Pimpernel*: the first was a badly-directed film saved by Bergner's acting, the other a miscast and mildly entertaining film, such as Hollywood can turn out by the hundred. *Sanders of the River*: I grant you that Zoltan Korda brought back from Nigeria some really lovely pictures of native life, that some of the direction was exciting, especially the sequence when the false news of Sanders' death was carried into the interior by native drumming, but it was a supreme vulgarity to add to the African players with their natural voices the stagy, trained accents of Paul Robeson and Nina Mae McKinney and to set Arthur Wimperis to write lyrics for the adapted native tunes. And what astonishingly inept lyrics they were with their little classical allusions! 'The river sings, A real Orion', so went one song, which Robeson had to troll out as he paddled half-naked up a West African river. No, I can't believe that Alexander Korda's talent is for the films".

"Well, you haven't said a word about comedies. At least English comedies haven't the vulgarity of the American".

"Is *It Happened One Night* vulgar? or *Arms and the Girl*? But there really are no English film comedies. I've spent six months seeing films four times a week, and the only laughs which the English film industry has managed to raise from me have been with Tom Walls' excellent farces. But a picture like his *Foreign Affaires* is just a photograph of a stage play. It has gained nothing by being photographed, and I imagine it has lost a good deal. As for the pictures which feature Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge, I feel too strongly about them to write with detachment. Our stage comedians, with the honourable exception of Sydney Howard, have not learned the elementary fact that the audience in a cinema are all in the stalls. They still fling their grimaces at a gallery with distressing effect. And as for our comic scenario writers, I'm afraid they lack a sense of humour. Do you remember how that dreadful picture *Me and Marlborough* ended with a giant close-up of Cicely Courtneidge's face and the British troops marching through it to victory? That was a film by a veteran English director, Victor Savile. I had forgotten one ray of hope—the film comedies which J. B.

Priestley has begun to write for Gracie Fields. They have a genuine provincial feel about them. They are directed though by Basil Dean, who's rather tied to stage methods".

" *The Ghost Goes West*? You'll grant me that, won't you? "

" Is it an English film? The producer is Hungarian, the director French, the scenario writer and two of the three stars American. Only the original story, so typically *Punch*, is English ".

" Well, anyway, if you talk all night, I shall still hate the American accent ".

" There, I give in. It's not arguable. It's a matter of sex appeal ".

REARMING THE MIND

BY A BRITISH RESIDENT IN BERLIN.

GERMANY'S material rearmament ceased to be news many months before that sunny Saturday afternoon in March 1935, when Dr. Goebbels summoned the foreign correspondents to the Propaganda Ministry and read to them Hitler's proclamation of rearmament and compulsory military service.

Everybody in Germany knew about the factories working night and day to turn out aeroplanes for General Göring's air force. Everybody knew about the shooting practices, the drillings, the armoured car exercises, and the preparations in the German shipyards. Hardly anybody bothered to deny it, except the Propaganda Ministry. So open was Germany's rearmament that an embarrassed young Secretary at one of the Embassies complained to me, "Hang it all, it's getting impossible to motor along *any* road now without seeing things you're not supposed to !"

But, while the official announcement of Germany's material rearmament ("the greatest hour of the German people") did not come as any particular surprise to the outside world, it is still, even in 1936, difficult to find abroad any realization of the accompanying mental rearmament of the entire German nation, which is no less important in Nazi eyes. To residents in Germany today the propaganda forces now arrayed to inculcate the warlike spirit into every German, young or old, are more alarming than all Göring's aeroplanes and Blomberg's tanks put together.

Before describing the methods by which this mental rearmament is being achieved, it is, perhaps, necessary to make clear the state of complete mental isolation from the rest of the world in which the German citizen now lives. Formerly German politicians, denouncing the Treaty of Versailles, used to complain that the Allied Powers had "cut off Germany from the comity

of European Nations". There may have been some truth in the claim. But nobody has so completely isolated the country from all civilized intercourse with its neighbours as the Nazis since they came to power. This isolation has been partly deliberate, partly forced on them by circumstances. It can best be illustrated by taking a concrete instance.

Suppose you are Herr Voigt, an amiable citizen of the important provincial town of Chemnitz. It may safely be said that you will have had no contact whatsoever with the outside world since the Nazis came to power in January 1933. Few foreigners ever come to Chemnitz, and those who come do not happen to meet you. You cannot go abroad, either, for the currency regulations prevent you from taking more than ten marks (about £1) out of the country, and you cannot live long on that.

Even if Herr Voigt can understand English or French, he will rarely get the chance to read foreign newspapers. A few are on sale, it is true, at the main railway stations and perhaps at a couple of the leading hotels. They are kept at the back of the stands, or under the counter, in order to discourage their sale, in accordance with an official order by the Propaganda Ministry in 1934. Every newsagent is allowed only a few copies of foreign papers each day (just enough to supply the tourists), so that even if Herr Voigt takes the trouble to go to the station or a hotel, it is likely that he will find the French, British, or Swiss newspapers all sold out. For the most part he has to rely on the German newspapers. They are heavily controlled (and astoundingly dull). So it is no wonder if sometimes Herr Voigt's information on events in his own and other countries is rather vague.

The case of books is similar. In 1934 there were 599 books in foreign languages—mainly French and English—published in Germany, as compared with 984 and 845 in 1931 and 1932, the two years before the Nazis came to power. The official yearly publishing statistics list no translations of foreign books into German in 1934. Yet in 1931 there had been 1,024 such translations published. Any publisher who wishes to issue a translation of a foreign book in Germany now has first to find sufficient foreign currency to pay the author his royalty, and then to submit the book to the "Culture Chamber" of the Propaganda Ministry for approval.

No, Herr Voigt will have little chance to make contact with the outside world through his travelling or his reading.

How about his entertainment ?

The Nazi claim that German entertainment was largely in Jewish hands after the war is perfectly true. The Nazis have driven out the Jews. They have practically driven entertainment out of the country with them. Not for many years can the German theatre and film have been at so low an ebb as it is today. The theatres and film studios are probably better equipped technically than any others in Europe. But there are no brains to use the equipment. The Nazis maintain that this is the price which must be paid for the purging of German entertainment from the Jews, and that eventually pure Germanic artists will arise. But up to now there have been few hopeful signs.

If Herr Voigt goes to the theatre, he will rarely be able to see a modern foreign play. There are fairly regular revivals of Shakespeare, Shaw, Ibsen and Oscar Wilde, but these can hardly be considered abroad as really representative of the most recent foreign thought !

If Herr Voigt goes to the cinema he will not be much better off. There are few foreign films to be seen in German cinemas. In 1935 only five British and forty American films were passed for exhibition according to official figures. The scripts of German films, of which 104 were passed last year, have all to be submitted to the Propaganda Ministry's Film Chamber, and they are therefore all " safe " affairs. So it is small wonder that Herr Voigt does not see many foreign films. Those he does see are either chosen for their harmless political character, or else because they inculcate some lesson of nationalism appealing to the orthodox Nazi—*Cavalcade* and *Bengal Lancer* were easily the two most popular films in official circles last year.

If Herr Voigt goes to a cabaret or revue he will hear no more political jokes and no more songs from abroad. There used to be one cabaret in Berlin, the Katakombe in Lutherstrasse, where one of Germany's leading humorists maintained a flow of gentle and careful wit which was partly political. He showed his jokes to the police before he made them. But that did not save him. The Secret Police arrested Finck and another comedian in his theatre, sent them to a concentration camp and closed the hall.

Later they were released, but their permits to act, broadcast or film were withdrawn from them. Revue writers are more careful now.

Travelling, reading, going to the theatre—none of these things will help Herr Voigt to keep any contact with the outside world and what it is thinking and doing. He still has the wireless, of course. But the ordinary "People's Receiver", the receiving set which is on general sale here and which the population is encouraged to buy, does not pick up any stations but the German ones. Few can afford to buy a set powerful enough to get Paris, London, or Vienna, and if any of their Nazi neighbours catch them listening to Moscow's German broadcasts, they will be sent to prison.

But the isolation of Herr Voigt is nothing compared to the isolation of his son. No longer does German education bear any relation to Matthew Arnold's description of criticism, "A disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world". German teachers have been "*gleichgeschaltet*"—brought into line politically. They will teach little Voigt minor, as we shall see, the most astonishing things.

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All the above refers to the negative side of Germany's mental rearmament. It will be seen that the Nazis have almost completely isolated the population from the infiltration of any knowledge or ideas from abroad which might be of a disturbing character. They have a clear field now for the inculcation of what doctrines they please.

And what doctrines they please!

Most damaging, no doubt, is the distorted history which is being taught in military barracks, labour camps, youth hostels and schools throughout the country. Here is a typical example, from the *Handbook for German Soldiers for 1936*, written by Captain Reibert, an active Reichswehr company commander, and recommended for the reading of new recruits. Discussing the origin of the great war, the author writes:—

Russia, France and Britain were united over the war. Although France and Russia had planned their attack on Germany not to take place until the year 1917 (when they thought their military preparations would be ready) the Serbian conflict was a welcome opportunity for them . . . Only Britain lacked a case for war. But British diplomacy soon found that.

The writer says that Germany had been manœuvred into a war on two fronts. Her plan of defence for this necessitated marching through Belgium. But, although Belgium had been declared neutral, she refused to allow the German troops to enter, "although they were prepared to pay for any damage". Yet Belgium allowed both French and British troops to enter and thus "allied herself with the enemy Powers". The passage adds, "The German army was obliged to march into Belgium . . . and this gave Britain the cause for war which she had been seeking. Although she herself had violated Belgium's neutrality, Britain declared war on Germany on the pretence of defending it".

Even more surprising, however, are some of the statements made in a book called *Deutschkunde* (roughly translated "Knowledge About Germany") which is written by Herr Kurt Münch, the "Reich Political Trainer", and is described on the front page as "a handbook for political training in clubs belonging to the German Reich League for Athletics". As practically every one of the 7,000,000 sportsmen and women in Germany has to belong to this club, the influence of such a book will be seen to be important. The historical section declares that Germany, in the great war, "lost no decisive battle". The book makes the important declaration (which is in such striking contrast to the German statements intended for consumption abroad in connection with the Olympic Games) that "sport in Germany cannot be separated from politics". It continues:—

"Athletics and sport are the preparatory school of the political will in the service of the state. 'Non-political', so-called 'neutral' sportsmen are unthinkable in Hitler's state".

Another section of this handbook for sportsmen describes how "popular sports are an excellent means to promote military activity". This view was also strikingly represented in a booklet published by a military authority entitled *Physical Training for Military Defence*, which opens with the words, "The goal of all physical training was, and always will be, military defence".

History, then, is being deliberately mis-taught. Sport is being deliberately used as a means for military preparation. The mind is being rearmed.

One of the first things which the Nazis did when they came to power was to burn all the books they could find which described

the horrors of war and to make the word "pacifist" into a term of abuse. It is impossible not to sympathize to some extent with this reaction to the defeatism and decadence which had fallen upon their country. But, like all reactions, the reaction has gone too far. Because the honest idealists of the Nazi movement (and many such exist) found that intellectuals were often sterile, intellect has been swept overboard, and Dr. Goebbels can win boisterous applause by declaring: "In Germany we have reached a degree of efficiency in the art of intellectually dominating the masses that makes similar efforts in other countries look like the work of amateurs". (Speech at Nuremburg, Sept. 6, 1934.)

Because pacifism was becoming identified with defeatism, pacifism has been turned into a new sin, and so distinguished a man as General von Seeckt can write (in the *Military Scientific Review* of January 1936): "War is the natural and last phase of development in the history of mankind: war is the father of all things and, at the same time, it prepares the end of a period of time for a nation to be the father of a new development". It is with intent that the German popular press is now filled with pictures showing the attractions of the army life and glorifying the heroics of war.

No sphere of life escapes Germany's methodic "mental rearmament". Wagnerian music and patriotic speeches almost monopolize the wireless broadcasts. But this is not enough. At special times, on Sunday mornings, for instance, is broadcast an astonishing form of Nazi "service", intended to glorify Hitler, the Nazi movement and the fighting spirit in general. If you sit in a railway station restaurant or other public place on a Sunday morning you are likely to hear such a "service". It will be no use asking the manager to turn the radio off. The broadcast is by order.

I took the trouble to take down in full one such broadcast "service". Following are extracts from my notes:—

"Here is our morning service", said the announcer.

There came solemn music from brass instruments. Then followed a series of rhythmic chants by a chorus of men and a choir-leader alternately. It went, in part, as follows:—

Chorus leader

We are the watchmen who watch,

Who watch over our Honour,
 Who watch that never returns
 The shameful and dark past . . .

Chorus

We are the watchmen who sacrifice, fight and die.

Chorus leader

For our Führer, nation and blood . . .

Song

Fight—fight—fight
 We watch with iron fist.
 Fight—fight—fight—
 We clench our teeth . . .
 (Drums and trumpets)

Chorus leader

In you, my comrades, I ask the German nation,
 I ask in this solemn hour : If times to come
 Bring storm and Hail,
 Do you Stand Fast ?

Chorus

We stand for liberty and bread.

Chorus leader

Are you prepared to stand firmly in loyalty to the Leader, no
 Matter what may befall you, until Victory is won ?

Chorus

We fight the fight until victory is won.
 (Music)

Chorus leader

This oath shall accompany us in Joy and Distress,
 In waking and Fighting, in living and death,
 It shall remind us of the fallen,
 And find us prepared to fight.
 We are the Leader's Heralds,
 Raise up the flags to the Light !
 (Music and Song, "Germany, Awake ! " and three cries of
 "Sieg Heil ! " for the Leader.)

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Such sentiments as these find a hundred echoes in all Germany's avenues of propaganda. Small wonder that many an honest and friendly citizen of the Third Reich is bewildered by the new spirit which he finds among his countrymen !

OLD TIMER

BY LEO WALMSLEY

F *FAITH* and *Star of Bethlehem*, were the last of the old Burnharbour motor mules. Early one winter's morning *Star of Bethlehem* was shooting lines four miles out from port. Day had not broken. It was very dark. There was a squally easterly breeze, with a growing sea. *Star of Bethlehem* was steaming head into the weather, making just enough way, with her engine full out, to keep her lines shooting clean. Unlike *Faith* (whose vices were notorious), she had always been a dry, steady boat. The seas were short and steep : she was, perhaps, taking them rather heavily. But there was no sign that she was suffering, no warning of disaster. In her thirty odd years of hard fishing she had weathered gales to which this was a comparative calm. Perhaps she was just worn out.

The man in the engine cockpit suddenly noticed water swilling the floor. The hatch was half closed, and he'd have known if it had come from the deck. He opened the hatch and yelled to the skipper, who was steering, to have a look. The skipper, Tom Martingale, handed the helm over to the engine man, and took a quick glance into the cockpit, which was lit by a hurricane lamp. He did not go down. There was no light on deck except the two spluttering oil flares by which the lines were being shot. Telling the engine man quietly to keep the boat up to the wind, he seized one of the flares and lurched amidships to the hatch of the fish hold, drew it open, and looked down. As the floor of the hold had been dry twenty minutes before (when he'd had occasion to go down for some gear), and there was now at least a foot of water swirling about it, no further examination was necessary. The boat had a bilge pump, but it was broken. Bailing would have been futile. The crew, three of them, without the engineman, were still unconcernedly shooting. Ned yelled at them :

“ Hey, lads ! We've split a plank or summat. She's sinking fast. Get your sea-boots off and look round for owt that'll keep

you afloat. Those fishing buoys will do if you cut 'em clear. I'll give her less than ten minutes".

He lurched aft to the engine man, and took the helm from him.

"Fill a bucket with petrol, and shove some rags in it. Owt that will burn and make a light . . . There's someone shooting over there to norrard of us".

The petrol flare was lit in the middle of the deck. The skipper remained at the helm, but he waved the oil-flare above his head, and one of the crew—they had taken off their heavy sea-boots, and had got hold of a fishing buoy each—did likewise with the other; and at a word from Ned, they gave a united "ahoy"! towards the light that shone on their port bow.

Fortunately that light belonged to one of the new Burn-harbour keel-boats, equipped with an 80 h.p. diesel engine capable, at full throttle, of a speed of $8\frac{1}{2}$ knots. Her skipper saw and heard the mule's signals of distress. The line that was being shot was cut, the boat was swung hard over, and at full speed bore down upon the mule, which, with her cockpit flooded and her engine stopped, had lost steerage way, and was now wallowing broadside to the seas, her deck awash. Less than a minute after the skipper of the *Star of Bethlehem*, seaboots in hand, had jumped to safety, less than ten minutes after the leak had been discovered, she sank.

"Aye. And it will be *Faith's* turn next", was the comment on shore. "And she'll be lucky if there's a 'keeler' alongside *her* when her bottom drops out, miles from shore".

But *Faith* is still fishing, the one old-timer, in a fleet of crack vessels, which, with the one bought to replace *Star of Bethlehem*, now numbers a dozen. They are squat, almost ugly craft, but, thanks to their deep keels, superb sea-boats; built on the East coast of Scotland by men familiar with the ways of the North Sea. They are equipped with electric light, and power winches for hauling: they possess comfortable quarters, with bunks and a cooking stove, so that they can range far from port, yet with their high-powered engine, reach market at a speed that ensures the freshness of their catch. In most cases their building has been financed with "shore" capital, the men putting down what they can afford, and paying a "share" for what they have been loaned. They earn good money. If old Reub Harrison

wished, he could get the backing for a "keeler" tomorrow, and let the *Faith* go for firewood, for he is a grand fisherman. But to the many proposals that have been made to him, he has merely grinned and said :

"*Faith's* good enough for me !"

Although she was built (at a south Yorkshire port) by the same man who built the *Star*, and only a year later, *Faith* is, and always has been, a bad boat. With the same powered engine as the *Star*, she was from the first a knot slower. She is "wet". With the least bit of sea, all her crew must wear oil-skins, or be constantly drenched with spray or green sea. Despite caulking, and innumerable coats of tar, there has always been an insidious leak in her hull. But her worst fault is her capacity for rolling the moment she is under way, apparent even in dead calm, devilish in rough weather, when she sways constantly from rail to rail, her deck at such an angle that a man, no matter how agile, never dare leave go of the life-line which is stretched from one end of her to the other ; and, although she has never drowned a man, times without number she has thrown men overboard and done her wicked best to darken her reputation in this respect.

Yet Reub, moved I think by a deep affection comparable with that of a parent for a wayward child, will not give her up ; and although the "keelers" have absorbed all the younger generation of fishermen, he has a faithful crew of three men, all of them elderly but sturdy, and as contemptuous of danger as himself. Every morning *Faith* puts to sea with the "keelers", no matter what the weather, and as they speed past him, one by one, the men on them shout at old Reub :

"Hey, have you got your life-belts on ? It'll be cold weather for a swim !"

Behind that jest is a genuine concern, mingled with a respect for Reub and his crew, perhaps for *Faith* herself. Of course the "keelers" beat *Faith* at fishing. They can reach the fishing grounds, shoot twice as many lines, and be back in port before she has finished hauling, which leaves Reub last boat in, to the tail end of the market and falling prices. Yet in one respect he has the pull over them. Across the harbour mouth there is a sand bank, which at very low tide makes an effective bar against

any boat with a big draught : and with a real nor'easter blowing shuts the harbour for all states of the tide. The " keelers " must always judge their return so as to avoid dead ebb. They draw 7 ft. of water. The *Faith* draws only four.

One day this winter the fleet, returning to port, was overtaken by a sudden nor'easter. *Faith* had not gone so far from port as they, and, half way back, they passed her, hauling her last line, and as usual, rolling and pitching wildly, her decks swept with the wind torn seas. She was hailed and asked if she wanted any assistance, to which Reub answered an uncompromising " No ". It happened that he had struck a large shoal of haddock, best priced fish on the local market.

The " keelers " pressed on, harassed by the knowledge that the tide was nearly low, spring at that, and that its ebb might be accelerated by the wind. Their fears were justified. There was less than five feet of water on the bar, with a swell beginning to break on it. The wind was rising to a gale, the sea growing. By the time the tide had flowed, the bar would still be impassable, and might remain so for several days if the gale continued. In such circumstances they had no option but to turn out to sea again, and take a course down coast for the fishing port of A——, 14 miles away, whose harbour is sheltered from the north-east, but whose market is traditionally unfavourable towards Burnham fishermen. Before they changed their course they met *Faith* steaming in with the gale behind her, Reub at the helm, the crew hanging on to the life-line while she rolled.

" Are you off to A—— ? " Reub hailed the leading " keeler " as she passed.

" Aye. Sands almost dry on the bar ".

" There'll be enough water for us ", Reub bawled back. " You might as well chuck your fish back into the sea as try and sell them at A—— ! What do you reckon I'll get for six boxes of haddock this morning ? "

It does not often happen that *Faith* is the only boat to bring a catch to Burnham market. She is usually last, with the lowest catch and the lowest price. That insidious leak of hers is now becoming more obvious. It is said that her timbers are rotten. There is a rumour that even the faithful three are thinking the time has come to lay her up for good. She is still fishing.

A VISIT TO MANCHUKUO

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

A RECENT trip to Manchukuo gave me an opportunity to form some first-hand impressions of this keystone of Japan's Asiatic empire in the fifth year of its existence. From the moment when one disembarks at the gateway to Manchukuo, the highly modernized and efficient port of Dairen, one is impressed by Japan's remarkable achievements in the material upbuilding of Manchuria. Dairen, with a small hinterland called the Kwantung Leased Territory and a narrow right-of-way along the South Manchuria Railway, the so-called Railway Zone, has been under Japanese administration for three decades, ever since the Russo-Japanese War. It is today one of the leading ports of the Orient.

The rapidly growing capital Hsinking (the former Changchun) is a symbol of the ambitious scale on which the progress of the country is being planned. One is never far away from the sound of the axe and the hammer; and spacious new public buildings in all stages of completion indicate the determination to transform a former dingy and obscure railway junction into a modern city. A wide new boulevard leads from the station to Tatung Square, the centre of a number of government offices, among which the Ministry of Foreign Affairs stands out, with its central tower and green tiled roofs. In general the architecture of the new Hsinking tries to combine oriental colour with occidental utilitarianism—a tendency that is also very marked in China.

The main spearhead of Japanese economic penetration in Manchuria has been the South Manchuria Railway, a gigantic octopus of a corporation which combines some features of public and of private ownership and which operates, along with the whole Manchukuo railway system, coalmines, buses, hotels, electrical power plants and a host of subsidiary enterprises.

Almost 1,800 miles of new railroad lines have been built in Manchukuo during the last four years, bringing the country's total mileage up to more than 5,800 miles, and the completion of new lines and parts of lines is constantly being announced.

It would be wearisome to recapitulate all the new rail connections between little known towns. But a few of the broader results of the intensive construction of the last few years may be briefly indicated. Manchukuo now possesses an eastern outlet to the sea through the North Korean ports, Rashin, Seishin and Yuki, which are linked up with Hsinking and Harbin through newly built lines. Formerly the Russian port of Vladivostok was the natural outlet for north-eastern Manchukuo. Today trade between Manchukuo and Siberia, in view of the strained political situation along the border, is almost at a standstill. The three North Korean ports, of which Rashin is much the most promising, are regarded as the substitute for Vladivostok, which will henceforward be entirely dependent commercially on its Soviet hinterland. Regular sailings have been instituted between these towns and the chief ports on the western coast of Japan, Tsuruga and Niigata.

Mr. Yosuke Matsuoka, who announced Japan's withdrawal from the League of Nations at Geneva in 1933 and who now finds abundant opportunity to exercise his restless energy of character in his new post as President of the South Manchuria Railway, told me that Rashin, in the course of the next decade, may become a second Dairen. Rashin today conveys the impression of a boom town in the making. Twenty thousand labourers, mostly Koreans, are at work on the triple task of town building, pier construction and harbour improvement.

Railroad construction has not been the sole feature of Japanese economic activity in the country since the occupation. There are oil refineries, cement and alcohol plants; iron and steel and magnesium production, textile mills and miscellaneous industries. Manchukuo recently smelted its first steel in a plant at Anshan that will ultimately possess a capacity of 400,000 tons a year. Apart from the money which has been invested through the South Manchuria Railway, the big Japanese aggregations of capital, Mitsui and Mitsubishi, Sumitomo and Okura, have found opportunities for profitable business activity in Japan's

new Asiatic empire, despite the theoretical anti-capitalism which prevailed, and still prevails to some extent, among the officers of the Kwantung Army (the Japanese force in occupation of Manchukuo).

Money was necessary in order to develop the country and money could only be obtained from the big Japanese capitalists. The Army's influence on the economic life of the country is mainly perceptible in the system of State ownership of some of the more basic enterprises, combined with a State licensing system for others, and in the definitely strategic and military value of some of the new industrial plants. A well-informed foreign observer remarked: "It would be a mistake to measure Manchukuo with a purely economic yardstick. Strategic considerations are of the greatest importance in shaping the country's industrial and transportation development."

New industries which will probably be set up in the near future are soda, aluminium and distillation of oil from coal. This latter enterprise, which would call for an initial outlay of 15,000,000 yen, is strongly advocated by Army and Navy leaders, who are keenly sensitive to the danger that might arise if Japan were suddenly isolated from its foreign sources of petrol supply. There are considerable deposits of oilshale at the Fushun open-cut collieries, the largest coal-mining enterprise in East Asia. But the oil content of this shale is low, and the annual output of crude oil is only 54,000 tons. It could, of course, be greatly increased in the event of emergency.

The administration of the country is highly centralized; and the old Manchurian feudalism, the power which the governors and influential families possessed in the various provinces, has been thoroughly stamped out. The main administrative bodies are the State Council, which corresponds to the Cabinet and initiates legislation, and the Privy Council, which ratifies it. There is no provision for elections; Manchukuo has always been governed autocratically, and it is estimated that 90 per cent. of the people are illiterate.

The new regime feels strong enough to create its own army, the strength of which is in the neighbourhood of 100,000. But the backbone of the defence of Manchukuo is represented, not by these new levies but by the Japanese army of occupation.

No official statement as to its strength is available ; but sixty thousand would probably be a fairly accurate guess. The Japanese are well supplied with aeroplanes, tanks and other modern weapons which the Manchukuo army does not possess, and are distinctly superior in training, discipline and fighting capacity.

The shadow of Russia looms very large before the military and civilian leaders of the country. Relations along the Manchukuo-Siberian frontier remain abnormally strained ; and border conflicts involving loss of life on both sides are far from uncommon. General Minami, with whom I talked in Hsinking, complained of the Soviet troop concentrations, much exceeding those of Japan, on the Siberian frontier, and said that the tension would be eased if these were reduced.

The attitude of the Soviet Government *vis-à-vis* Japan seems to have stiffened since the sale of the Soviet share of ownership of the Chinese Eastern Railway ; and there is little indication that the Soviet Union will accede to any of Minami's suggestions. Soviet spokesmen justify their troop concentrations in Eastern Siberia on the ground that preparedness for defence is the best guarantee against a Japanese attack, and emphasize the point that it would take much more time to reinforce their troops than to throw large Japanese forces into Manchukuo. The Soviet Government declined the Japanese proposal to delimit the boundary in an official note last November, asserting that the frontier is quite clearly marked and needs no further investigation. This is disputed by the Japanese, who lay claim to some islands in the Amur River which are occupied by the Russians, and who point to changing water-courses along the eastern part of the boundary as causes of friction and uncertainty.

Throughout the year 1935 Manchukuo has endeavoured, without success, to obtain a diplomatic foothold in Ulanbator (the former Urga), capital of vast, sparsely populated Outer Mongolia. Soviet troops helped to establish the present so-called People's Revolutionary Government in Outer Mongolia ; and the Soviet Government plays very much the same role in relation to Outer Mongolia that Japan plays in relation to Manchukuo. A conflict between a Manchukuo and an Outer Mongolian border patrol occurred early in 1935 near Lake

Buir. Subsequently two conferences between Manchukuo and Outer Mongolia, with Japan and the Soviet Union obviously pulling the strings from behind the scenes, took place in the border town of Manchuli. Both ended abortively, because the Outer Mongolian delegates stubbornly refused to accede to the Manchukuo proposal to exchange diplomatic representatives. In the latter part of December and again in January a new outburst of border fighting, in which each side, as usual, accused the other of aggression, emphasized the tension on the remote semi-desert boundary between Manchukuo and Outer Mongolia.

The Manchukuo-Mongolian situation is complicated because of the larger aspects of the Mongolian problem. The Mongols, primitive nomadic descendants of the warriors of Jenghiz Khan, are split up under three sovereignties. About two million live in the western provinces of Manchukuo; a million and a half are in Inner Mongolia, which is still nominally part of China; perhaps three-quarters of a million are in Sovietized Outer Mongolia. While Japan has been occupying and building up Manchukuo and making tentative thrusts into North China the Soviet Union has been strengthening its grip on Outer Mongolia, establishing a virtual protectorate over a large part of Sinkiang, or Chinese Turkestan, pushing forward the colonization of Eastern Siberia and feverishly promoting the industrial and military development of Siberia.

It remains to be seen whether this race in expansion will end in a Russo-Japanese conflict which would shake the present structure of the Far East to its foundations and lead to momentous changes, whatever might be the issue. In the meantime the watch on the Amur and the Ussuri, the huge rivers that separate Siberia from Manchukuo, continues and every month produces its crop of border incidents.

Like most frontier countries Manchukuo today is a land of striking, even violent contrasts. Travelling on the luxurious club car of the "Asia" express one might imagine oneself on an American transcontinental express—until armed Japanese soldiers make their rounds, peering suspiciously for possible bandits. This is one illustration of the lag of personal security behind material progress. Another could be found in a recent news item to the effect that wolves had eaten a Manchukuo

merchant and his companions who had been motoring in the northern part of the country.

There is a marked contrast between town and country. In the towns there is a notable boom in housing and industrial building. In the country districts floods, drought and a fall in the world price of the staple crop, soya beans, have contributed to make the peasants poorer than ever.

It is the general consensus of opinion among foreign business men and consular representatives that the change of regime has not worked out to the advantage of foreign interests. This is reflected in the noteworthy diminution in the size of the foreign, especially of the British and American commercial communities in Mukden and Harbin, in the withdrawal of the foreign oil firms, in the passing of many business agencies from foreign to Japanese hands.

Opinion differs widely as to whether and how far the Japanese occupation has bettered the condition of the Manchukuo masses. A non-Japanese foreign observer in Harbin summed up the favourable side of the picture as follows :

“ The people now have sound money and regular taxes. They are no longer defrauded by the government through the medium of a depreciating currency, and they are free from the robberies and excesses of the irregular soldiery that lived off the country. Furthermore the inflow of Japanese capital has quickened building and practically abolished unemployment for the labouring classes in the towns ”.

A foreign resident of equal qualifications in Mukden supplied the following negative tints :

“ The peasants, who are the great majority of the population, are poorer and more harassed by bandits than they ever were. The old system of village administration broke down as a result of the Japanese military occupation, and nothing effective has been set up in its place. There is a vicious circle of poor crops driving people to banditry and of banditry leading to more poor crops ”.

There is doubtless some truth in both points of view. The Japanese have brought and will continue to bring to Manchukuo some of the incidental benefits that every advanced colonial Power brings to the peoples under its control : better transporta-

tion and sanitation, more modern ways of life, greater security against arbitrary levies of one kind and another.

On the other hand the continued prevalence of banditry, some of it definitely political in character, is the clearest evidence that a good deal of discontent exists in the country. When "bandits" attack small patrols of Japanese soldiers, when they wreck trains and shout "Kill the Japanese", it seems obvious that they are not mere highway robbers. In the eastern part of the country, where the frontiers of Korea, Siberia and Manchukuo come together, Korean nationalists with a tinge of Communism constitute the main strength of the guerrilla bands. Japanese military officers accuse the Soviet Union of aiding these bands by giving them refuge on Soviet territory when they are too hard pressed and by surreptitiously supplying them with arms and ammunition. In the hills and forests of Kirin Province, in the south-east, around Antung, and in Jehol the bands, so far as they have any political ideas, are Chinese nationalists.

The Japanese declare that the number of bandits has been reduced from 230,000 immediately after the occupation to 30,000 at the present time. But a census of bandits is, in the nature of things, an unreliable source of calculation. Banditry follows a seasonal curve. There are always more bands when the kaoliang is high, in summer and early autumn, than after it has been cut and harvested. Poor crops are also a recognized cause of increase in the number of bandits.

Probably banditry, over a fairly long time, can be eradicated or at least reduced to the proportions of ordinary criminality, if the Japanese are willing to use enough troops and spend enough money. Barring some unpredictable contingency, such as an unsuccessful war with Russia, the new regime in Manchukuo has come to stay. Whether it will win the whole-hearted support of the population is another question. Japan can undoubtedly promote the material progress of the country. It is more doubtful whether, in view of the tremendous demand for political and economic posts in Japan itself, sufficient provision will be made for the educated and middle-class Manchukuoans, who, when they see most of the economic and many of the political desirable offices held by Japanese, are likely to remain in a state of fermenting nationalist discontent.

What has been the effect of Manchukuo on Japan itself? It has certainly not, as yet, proved an outlet for colonization and settlement by the peasants of the overcrowded Island Empire. There are now about 430,000 Japanese in Manchukuo and in the Kwantung Leased Territory, an increase of about 200,000 over the figure for 1931. But only 90,000 Japanese reside outside the Kwantung Leased Territory and the Railroad Zone; and of these 90,000, only a negligible proportion have settled on the land. The severity of the climate, the reluctance of the average Japanese to quit his ancestral home and start new life elsewhere, the harassing activity of the bandits, the lack of large-scale funds for colonization—all these factors have prevented any substantial movement of Japanese farm colonists into North Manchuria, where there is still a reserve of free land.

On the other hand there are other ways in which Manchukuo has made its contribution to the solution of Japan's eternal problem: that of providing food and work for its rapidly growing population. Manchukuo has been an important factor in the Japanese trade and industrial boom of the last few years. Japanese exports to Manchukuo, valued at 77,000,000 yen in 1931, amounted to 403,000,000 yen in 1934 and increased still further in 1935. Japan's share in Manchukuo's imports, which was 37.3 per cent. in 1930, was 64.6 per cent. in 1934 and 71.2 per cent. in 1935. All these figures, of course, mean that a considerable number of Japanese in industry, trade and commerce found employment as a result of the building up of Manchukuo under a Japanese protectorate, to say nothing of those who are directly employed in the Manchukuo State service.

Considered purely from a standpoint of orthodox economics, it might seem that Manchukuo, thus far, has proved an asset of doubtful value to Japan. But few Japanese look at the problem from a purely economic standpoint. Strategic considerations are important. Rightly or wrongly, most Japanese, especially in Army circles, believe that, if Japan had not acted in 1931, a considerable part of Manchuria would have fallen more and more under the domination of the Soviet Union.

THE PEACH ORCHARD

BY JEAN GIONO

I SAW him coming towards me, taking enormous strides. He was in such a state that he hadn't even a quid of tobacco in his mouth, his woollen belt had dropped under his stomach ; and he had clean forgotten to pull up his trousers, which were slipping down with it. It was old Fonse.

"Going far at that speed ?" I mocked him.

He hadn't seen me lying down in the straw on the barn floor. He turned round. He looked at me a bit. After a while he came up the slope and lay down beside me and remained there some time gasping for his breath. If he was in trouble about his health, I knew all about that, but, then, there was no one who didn't know about it. He talked of nothing else wherever he was : down at the café, in the fields and in the evenings, at every opportunity, ever since "the gentleman from Digne" told him what the trouble was.

I said to him, "This sort of thing's not very good for your heart".

"My heart's all right", he gasped. "Something else has just happened."

Something must have happened ; for, as a rule, Fonse was a man who never hurried himself. Hours and hours would drift by before he would make up his mind about anything ; he took his own time—but now he lay dead beat and dazed by head-long speed.

"You know I bought the big orchard at Maussan ?" he said. "I'll tell you how it happened. This winter Jofroi came to see me at my house. 'Come in and get warm' I said, and asked him into the kitchen. I got him a glass of something and then he told me what he had come about. 'Fonse, I am getting old', he says. 'My wife is poorly and I'm not too good myself. We

haven't got any children—that's been a great trouble to us. I have been to see the notary at Riez and we have very nearly come to terms. Very nearly! He showed me the note of the sum and I went along to the collector—as I said, we could fix it up any time now. If I took out an annuity for so much that would bring me in a little something to live on'. I told him I thought that was a good idea and one thing led to another and so it finished up by my buying the big orchard at Maussan from him. But only the orchard. Not the house. It was his idea to keep the house, 'because', he says, 'I am so used to it and I shouldn't know where I was in another place. Take all the land', he says. 'Pull down the walls if you like.' In the end we worked it out so that I let him have a nice little bit of garden with a tree or two where he could sit in the sun and be happy. I let the old chap have his own way and I paid up. He's put his money into something and he's got his bit of income from it. We were both all right. But wait a minute . . .

"I expect you have seen the orchard at Maussan. There's nothing but a lot of old peach trees. They ought to have been cut down ten years ago. The peaches were good enough for him, for old Jofroi, but I never have been struck on peaches. It's not the right kind of soil round here for them. That's what I reckon, but, whichever way you take it, my idea was to sow corn up there. To cut down the old trees and to sow corn. It mayn't be better than peaches perhaps, but that's my business, isn't it? I'd paid for the place. What's mine I can do what I like with, can't I?

"So this morning, I says to myself: It is dull weather and I haven't got anything special to do, I'll go up and start cutting those trees. So up I goes to Maussan". (This is characteristic of old Fonse. He had the idea in the morning, but he doesn't actually stir himself to go up to Maussan until three in the afternoon.)

"I fixed the rope on to one of the biggest trunks. I gave a heave and down it comes with a crash. Then I got to work on the root. While I was digging I heard a window open and saw Jofroi looking out.

"What are you doing?" he calls to me. His face looked all changed.

"You can see what I'm doing", I said.

"Are you going to do that to the lot?"

"Yes."

I didn't know then what was in his mind. He goes back into the house and comes out again with his gun. And he wasn't carrying it on his shoulder. He had it in his hand. He'd got his right hand on the trigger and his left on the barrel. He looked like business. And he looked very foxy. He was more changed than ever.

I'd already the rope fixed to the second tree, and when I saw Jofroi with a gun I laughed at him and said:

"Going out to shoot butterflies?"

"I am going to shoot a dirty swine", he says, and he came up close to me. My arms dropped.

"Leave my trees alone", he says.

"Jofroi!"

"Are you going to leave them alone?"

He pressed the muzzle under my shirt. He was off his head. I said to him calmly (he'd got his finger right on the trigger): I told him "Jofroi, don't be a fool".

But he kept on saying, "You leave my trees. Leave them alone. Are you going to leave them?" It was no use arguing with him. I dropped the rope and I came along here. There's a nice turn-out for you. What am I going to do now?"

We all set our minds on it and we tried everything. I went myself to see old Jofroi. He was like a dog who has got his teeth into a bone and won't let go.

"Those are my trees. I planted them. I am not going to put up with that under my very eyes. If he comes back here I'll shoot him in the guts and blow my own brains out".

"But he bought it."

"If I had known he was going to do that I wouldn't have sold."

"Jofroi", I said to him, "the cause of the whole trouble is that you have kept the house. You've got the house and so everything is forced upon your notice. And naturally you don't like it. Put yourself in Fonse's place. He has bought the place, he has paid for it and it belongs to him. He has got the right to do what he likes with it".

"But what about my trees? My trees! I bought them at

Riez market in '05. It was the year Barbe said to me, 'Jofroi, I believe we're going to have a baby'. The year that the big fire at Revaudières made her miscarry. I carried those trees from Riez on my own back. I did it all by myself—dug the holes, carted the manure. I used to get up in the middle of the night to go and light the damp straw so that they wouldn't be caught by the frost. More than a dozen times I've given them the patent nicotine spray, and it costs 100 francs a tin. Look at those leaves. You've never seen leaves as lovely and healthy. You won't find any old trees anywhere as fine as these."

He was quite right, I said. "But all the same we must be reasonable human beings." Everyone knew, he said, that old trees were not young ones, but there was no sense, he said, in wiping out the old, just because it was old. "What's the idea? Are you going to cut *me* down as well, because I am old? Let Fonce use his common-sense as well."

It was very difficult to make it clear to him that there was a difference between him and his trees.

So we all concentrated on Fonce. We went up to see him after supper, a whole lot of us. The crowd picked on me and said, "You do the talking, you know how to do it. We can't leave it like this".

I said to Fonce: "Look here, Fonce. Jofroi won't budge. We can't do anything with him. It is like arguing with a brick wall. You are the only one who's got any sense. Just let him see it. If you take my advice you'll smooth everything over. You give him back his land; he gives you back your money, plus the cost of the lease because, as you say, why should you be out of pocket? And then that's the end of it. He's an old man and we can't let him go on like this in misery. He may have only two more years to live. What do you say to fixing it up as I've said"?

And Fonce, who was the most decent man on earth, said immediately, "All right. Fix it up as you say".

But suddenly something else happened.

Jofroi had already paid the money for his annuity. He couldn't lay hands on the capital. He'd only his income. We got him down to the square and we brought Fonce along—there

was no gun about this time ; we were taking no risks. We had come there to talk —

“ If you haven’t got any money ”, said Fonse, “ what do you expect me to do about it. I can’t give you back your land for nothing. I have paid for it ”.

Jofroi was bewildered. Fonse’s argument was unanswerable. We had reached an impasse. There was nothing to be said.

But Fonse, as I have said, was the most decent man on earth, innocent as a sucking pig asking to be eaten.

“ Don’t worry, Jofroi ”, he said. “ We’ll do something. You’ve got your income, haven’t you ? Take what you need out of that to live on and, as you can’t give me back the money, I’ll let your land to you for the rest. That’ll leave you something to live on and you can do what you like with your trees.”

To us this seemed like the Judgment of Solomon. Our hearts glowed as we looked at one another. It was all over. How lovely it was in the square, we thought. I remember thinking that even the War Memorial was not so revolting to look at as it usually was. We heard the magpies chattering.

But Jofroi was miserable. He was champing. At last he said : “ But if you let me the land it still won’t belong to me. It will belong to you. The trees will be yours ”.

“ Well, what more can I do ? ” cried Fonse, at the end of his tether.

And so the farce was on again.

The next thing was that one of the people from Maussan, a man called Albéric, came racing to the barn. He was whirling his arms about and shouting. “ Come along ! Quick ! ” We all went chasing to the farm, and while we were running, Albéric shouted to us, “ Jofroi has thrown himself out of the window ”.

This was not quite true. He hadn’t thrown himself from the window. He was up on the roof of his house when we arrived, right on the edge of it with the tips of his boots in the iron gutter. He was shouting, “ Get up, I am going to jump ”. Barbe was below on her knees in the dust.

“ Don’t jump, please don’t jump, Jofroi ”, she was crying out. “ Get back from the edge. You’ll get giddy and go over. Holy Mother of God and Blessed Father, keep him away. Don’t jump, Jofroi.”

"Take her away from there, I am going to jump."

None of us knew what to do. FONSE went in and brought out a mattress. He put it on the cobbles in the yard, just where JOFROI was aiming to jump.

"Take her away from there, I am going to jump".

"Don't be a fool", cried FONSE. "What good will it do you if you do jump".

"I shall jump!" shouted JOFROI.

"Oh no, no, Holy Mother", cried BARBE.

So it went on. Jump. No, for God's sake don't jump. He kept us there for over an hour. In the end I shouted to him,

"All right. Jump if you like and get it over".

He stepped back.

"Who said that?" he said.

"I said it", I said. "It was me. When are you going to stop playing the clown up there? A silly sight you look on that roof. You'll break the tiles with those heavy boots and you'll smash the gutter. I suppose you think that will do you a lot of good. But—go on—jump. Jump and get it over".

He looked at me thoughtfully. He looked down at all of us. We were silent, wondering what he was going to do. With our faces looking up at him, we must have seemed to him like a row of eggs in a basket. Presently he said:

"No! No! If you *want* me to jump, I am not going to jump. If that's how you put it—I will go away and hang myself when there is no one about".

He moved back and disappeared through the skylight of the barn. BARBE rose to her feet. Her dress was covered with dust.

It happened that on this afternoon there was a lot of work to be done—the kind of jobs that are left to the end of the winter. Everyone was out in the fields—even the children, because it was a Thursday. I went along, too, because everyone was laughing and singing. I was thinking:

"This is just like spring. There might almost be blossom on the almond trees". They were not in blossom, but over the wide plain the bare trees seemed to break into a russet and bluish foam at their tops, with the swelling of the sap.

So I was out with the others. The donkeys were there and all the dogs and the mules and the horses; and the air was filled

with neighing, barking, singing, the sound of water and the cries of girls, and the noise of galloping, because Gaston's she-ass had got away.

In the middle of all this we saw Jofroi pass. He was looking rather foolish. He was as solemn as a verger. He was carrying a thick rope.

"Where are you going"? we called to him.

"I am going to hang myself"? he said. We had heard that one before. We remembered the stunt on the roof, so we kept our eye on him from a good distance. He went along as far as Antonin's orchard, and then he tossed the rope over a branch. Antonin was soon there.

"Jofroi, go and hang yourself at Joseph's place. Go along. This place is no good. The trees down there are higher, and what's more, it's on the far side of the pines. No one will interfere with you there and you won't be seen. Go on".

Jofroi looked at him with a stormy eye. "Antonin, you are always the same", he said. "Whenever anyone asks a favour of you. . . ."

"Go on".

"All right, I am going", and off he went.

We followed him because in our hearts we understood Jofroi's misery. We knew it was real. As real to the sight and knowledge of all of us as the sun or the moon. There was a murmur of sympathy. But soon there shot out of Maussan a roar which hung over us like heavy smoke. It was Barbe shouting. It was old Barbe who, seventy though she was, was roaring with all her might, shouting out that her man was going to hang himself.

This stirred us to a light trot in Jofroi's direction. He had had time to throw the rope over, to make a slip-knot, to drag up a little stump of wood and to get on top of it and to put his head through the noose. He had already kicked the stump from under his feet. We were just in time to catch him round the body, lift him up and hold him there. In the meantime he was beating us all on the head with his fists, kicking us in the stomach with his boots, and not saying a word because, actually, the rope was tight round his throat.

We cut him down and laid him out on the grass. He still did not say anything. He panted. Nobody said anything. All

gaiety was gone. The children were pushing outside the crowd, trying to see Jofroi between our legs. There was no more singing. The high wind moaned.

Then Jofroi got up. He looked at all of us who were gathered round him. He stepped forward and we opened to let him pass. He turned round.

"Dirty . . .", he muttered between his teeth. "Dirty. . . . Dirty. . . ." He did not say dirty what. He hadn't words to express his misery. He went off down the road and we saw Barbe coming to meet him, whining and tottering over the ruts like a little dog that has hardly learned to walk.

"When you come to think it out", Fonse said to me, "I'm the one who comes out worst in this business. I've lost my 12,000 francs, and if something does happen it's me who'll get the blame. You wait and see. They're all on my side now, but if old Jofroi really does go and hang himself properly, or drowns himself or something like that, it'll be me. You mark my words. I know the people round these parts. They've been at me in my home about it already. My wife, the kid and my mother-in-law, the whole house. And yet what can I do?"

"There is nothing you can do, Fonse. You have done all you can. But you haven't *really* come off worst. Think of Jofroi. He's in a much worse state than you are. He is not just playing the fool. You know the sort of man he is. He does genuinely wish to die, but he can't help thinking about the things he would leave behind him and then he doesn't know where he is. And so he goes fifty-fifty on it. He says to himself, 'If they see me like that at the point of death they will be overcome by pity and it will make them do something'. He knows it is very difficult, but while there's life there's hope".

"But how do we know that's really his idea?" said Fonse.

I said to him, "Well, that's my opinion. Listen. I went to Maussan the other day. You don't go up there nowadays, do you?"

"No, I haven't set foot in the place since. And I don't go up that way any more. You needn't think I'm afraid of his gun. I don't like it, but if you see my meaning, if it was only his gun, I'd go all the same . . . well, no, the reason I don't go up that way any more *is* that I don't like that gun. What I mean to

say, he knows that I've got right on my side. He knows I've got the law and the people on my side. He can't pretend to himself that he doesn't. He knows it. So if he spotted me coming he'd immediately start thinking that I'd decided to claim my rights, and he knows that if I did he is lost. What would he do then? That's what nobody knows".

"There's a lot in that. But I went up there myself after the rains, now it has got warm again. The field is full of grass like water in a pond. It comes half-way up the trees. Jofroi was there and he said when he saw me, "Look at this. It is all wrong. It is wrong to let land go this way".

"You could see he was upset. He'd no idea what he was talking about".

As I was speaking Félippe came in at the door of the café. He looked at us. He fidgetted, his hand on the handle of the door.

"Fonse", said Félippe, "Jofroi is dead".

We sat there, frozen to the spot, empty, without an idea in our heads. We felt ourselves go white; and then cold like a dish taken out of the oven. Someone said: "How did it happen?" We got to our feet with what strength was left in us.

"Yes", said Félippe. "He is lying down there on the road. He is quite still and stiff. I called to him from a distance and then I took a short cut and came here as fast as I could".

Jofroi was stretched flat on the road, but as we got near we saw that he was alive, very much alive, with his eyes wide open.

"What are you doing there?"

"I am going to get myself run over by a motor car".

Félippe was struck dumb with astonishment.

"You are going the wrong way about it. Directly the driver catches sight of you he will stop. If you want to kill yourself properly Jofroi, go and throw yourself in . . ."

"Don't tell him that", said Fonse.

The spring came and went. The summer came and lumbered past, fat and heavy, with its feet clogged with sun which weighed on our heads. The orchard at Maussan had become nothing more than a field gone wild in the midst of the cultivated land. It was a place to be avoided, for its long grasses tore at your clothes, and you had to smash them down with a spade in order to get free.

We saved Jofroi more than twenty times. At the edge of Antoine's well, a well more than thirty yards deep. Antoine said: "All the same, supposing he had, where should I have got my water afterwards?" We pulled him out of the little weir pool on the stream. He shook himself like a dog and went off. We took his gun and hid it and we destroyed his little bottle of tincture of iodine and we told the grocer not to give him any more. No spirits of salt, nor anything else like that. What other fantastic attempt might he make? Swallow nails, burst his stomach, poison himself with weeds or toadstools, or get himself gored by a bull? We wondered. None of us could stop imagining what Jofroi might be up to, and it got on our minds until we could not stand it any longer. Fonse, who had never been ill in his life, got some kind of indigestion, which went round the whole village—something caused by eating melons. He was within an inch of death. I said to my wife:

"Look here. The Jarbois have invited us several times to go and see them at Barret. We ought to go and take the child there for a fortnight".

My wife said: "It's this Jofroi business makes you say that".

"No. But. . . ."

In the end we decided to go. The air is good at Barret, and the Jarbois are very nice people. The husband as well as the wife. And then—well. "What do you say, Elise"? I said to my wife.

I said to Fonse: a Fonse whose trousers flapped round his legs, a Fonse as frail as a pigeon feather and as white as a plate and who had got his coat on in spite of the fact that it was summer, I said to Fonse, "Come and have a drink with me. In a few days I have got to go away. On business". It was shortly after that that someone came along and said to us, "Jofroi is dead".

In all good faith we said: "What, again?"

But this time it was Martel who brought the news. Martel was some sort of cousin of Jofroi and a man to be believed.

"This time he really is", he said, and then, because he knew what was in our minds: "No. It was not that. He had an attack yesterday at mid-day and he died last night. He is dead. Thoroughly dead. They laid him out and I sat there until the

morning. I am just going off to the town hall to report it, and then I am going off to the priest to arrange about the time ”.

Fonse stayed there a minute, and then colour came back to his cheeks and he said to me quickly, “ Good-bye ”. I saw him go into his house. He came out again very soon, and he went from door to door to say a word to the women. Then he opened the door of his stable and harnessed his donkey. He had a big axe on the cart, a rope, a handsaw and scythe and, dragging the donkey by the muzzle, he went off to Maussan.

I saw Fonse again that evening. He said to me: “ I will leave five or six of those trees. Not for the sake of the fruit, but just in case Jofroi should see me from where he has gone so that he can say: ‘ Old Fonse has been decent about it after all. He’s not a bad sort of fellow ’ ”.

(Translation by V. S. Pritchett)

RADIO IN THE CRISIS

BY STEPHEN CLISSOLD

THE imposition of economic sanctions is an attempt to weaken the support given by the civil population of Italy to its armed forces. But they leave one side of the question untouched. A nation's material resources are the physical structure of its existence, but it derives its vitality from its nervous system. In other words, to be an effective fighting machine, a nation must have not only the means of winning, but also the will to win. Measures calculated to destroy the means without removing the will can achieve only a very partial success. The pages of history—especially of Italian history, with the heroic figures of Garibaldi and his army of volunteers—are full of examples of the way in which a group of determined men have triumphed over immense material odds. There is still truth in the old adage that where there's a will there's a way. Is the nation's supply of metal likely to prove inadequate for its military needs? Then the Italian people will respond. Housewives will hand over pots and pans. School children will scour the roads and search the dumps for old tins and fragments of scrap-iron. Is the currency in danger through insufficiency of gold reserve? The Archbishop will sacrifice the gold of his sacred emblems, the notables will give their medals, the noble families their plate, husbands and wives their wedding rings. Is a shortage of imported clothing material imminent? Then it shall be manufactured synthetically by Italian genius and Italian labour. Is the store of petrol likely to run short? Civilian patriots will store their cars and wait for better days. All these measures serve but to fan the flame of patriotism.

But let us suppose that some new force begins to undermine the nation's will to win. News of defeat or disease or even of a progress less brilliantly spectacular than that which was predicted will begin to shake the nation's confidence. Adverse

circumstances alone, however, will not bring this about; a thorough realization of the real state of affairs must penetrate to the national consciousness. But with the chief channels of news distribution—the radio and the press—in the hands of the government, the nation can be made to believe just what is good for it and no more. A factor which contributed substantially to the collapse of the German fighting machine towards the end of the Great War was the knowledge of cruel facts that at last broke through the official censorship of the front when British propaganda aeroplanes showered thousands of leaflets behind the German lines. Dropping leaflets from the air seems to us now a somewhat primitive expedient; modern propaganda experts prefer to launch their broadsides through the microphone and the loud-speaker.

Second only in importance to the maintenance of a united public opinion at home is the influencing of neutral or hostile opinion abroad. The control of ideas may be offensive as well as defensive. The Italian Government has not been slow to realize this. Frequent news bulletins presenting the Italian point of view are broadcast in English, French, German, Dutch, Hungarian, Rumanian, Bulgarian, Yugoslav, Arabic, Greek, and Albanian. Sometimes, too, the broadcasting authorities contrive to secure the services of respected nationals of the country for which the broadcasts are intended. A few weeks ago, for example, the regular evening news bulletin in English was supplemented by a short talk from Colonel Cyril Roche, a former British Military Attaché with the Italian Army during the Great War. The policy is followed of giving regular radio instruction for would-be students of the Italian language, the necessary written material being supplied on application free of charge. This may serve as attractive bait for amateur linguists desirous of acquainting themselves with the mother tongue of Dante. But what inducements could be held out by the Abyssinians to persuade the listener to master the complexities of Amharic? And when, last September, the Empress of Abyssinia, through the enterprise of the National Broadcasting Company of America, did speak before the microphone, her words were blurred by the continuous pulsation of some powerful and mysterious transmitter working on the same wave-length. In this conflict, Italy

has not only all the advantages over a more primitive race which civilization can give in the realm of material resources ; she holds the keys which unlock the gateways of the mind.

These attempts at influencing public opinion abroad may be interpreted by the governments concerned as unwarrantable interference in their home affairs. Italy herself has taken this view. Some years ago, a privately-owned transmitter operating from Nice, which made regular broadcasts in Italian of damaging comment on the Fascist regime, called forth such strong representations from Rome that the French Government were forced to track the offender down and put an end to his dangerous propagandist activity. But where the offender is no irresponsible individual but the government of an influential country, the problem is more delicate. For a public of a country for which these broadcasts are intended, the wisest course is to follow the example of the deaf adder which stoppeth her ears.

The attitude of the B.B.C. in face of the present international crisis has been one of extreme caution. Mindful, perhaps, of occasions in the past when broadcasters have invested personal opinions with something of the authority of a monopoly institution, those who frame the policy at Broadcasting House decided not to send observers to the scene of hostilities in order to give independent eye-witness accounts. Although the charter of the British Broadcasting Corporation has made it abundantly clear that it is in no way state-controlled, yet foreign observers are always apt to attribute to its utterances the authority of Whitehall or Downing Street. Incidents have occurred in the past when some irresponsible broadcaster has escaped the vigilance of the authorities and let fall a chance remark that causes consternation in a dozen Embassies and Foreign Offices. And such affronts are apt to crop up in the most innocent of programmes. Was it not a popular New Year's Eve entertainment which called forth an outraged protest from Poland ? In a delicate situation like the present the B.B.C. must be above suspicion. Those who have political axes to grind should take them from the studio to the editorial office. The popular press, if it likes, may indulge in orgies of hot air, but the air through which the broadcast message comes must remain at a perfectly even temperature.

The position of the B.B.C. is further complicated by its technical facilities for relaying European broadcasts to America. Though naturally any particular item intended for transatlantic transmission can be relayed to the American continent without being offered for home consumption, the mere fact of granting facilities for the undertaking might suggest an attitude sympathetic to the content of the message broadcast.

An example of this problem was afforded some time ago by the request of the Columbia Broadcasting System to transmit a speech by Baron Aloisi to America. The B.B.C. wisely declined the offer. This action naturally gave rise to considerable criticism on the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. H. V. Kaltenborn in his evening news bulletin inserted his private protest against the decision and maintained that radio should be as free as newspaper correspondence. It is interesting to notice that the B.B.C.'s ban coincided with an agreement for a new and independent channel between continental Europe and the States. The "British quasi-monopoly of Transatlantic facilities" has been keenly resented by the Federal Communications Committee, which has devoted much energy to seeking a remedy for the present situation. It is worth remarking in passing that the United States have little right to fling stones at British broadcasting policy. Anti-British propaganda coming from United States stations and intended for Canadian listeners is already notorious. In all probability these broadcasts are sent out from some small commercial network or privately-owned station. Not only definitely tendentious statements are included in the news bulletins, but accusations are openly directed at the British Government and extravagant aims attributed to it. To refute these false assertions the B.B.C. has to depend on its short daily Empire news bulletins. But this American propaganda is stated by competent observers to be having a definitely prejudicial effect.

A further instance of the delicacy of the British position arose when the Columbia Broadcasting System had made arrangements for Mr. Rickett to broadcast to America on the Italian oil concession. This time it was the Foreign Office which intervened and made informal representations to the C. B. S. A broadcast from B.B.C. studios could not be allowed to revive the false

impression that Mr. Rickett was in some way connected with the British Government.

In selecting programmes for listeners throughout the British Isles, caution and tact is still more imperative. It is no easy matter to refuse the request of so eminent a personage and one with so just a claim to the attention of the radio public as its great benefactor Marconi. In spite of the frothings of the popular press, it seems certain, however, that such a course was unavoidable. A broadcast from the Marchese would have been the thin edge of the wedge. True to its policy of balancing points of view, the B.B.C. would have been forced to arrange talks by representatives of the Abyssinian point of view. As happens constantly at election times, mutual recrimination would have been forthcoming from both parties and accusations of bias in favour of one side or the other levelled against the B.B.C. No one would have regretted the necessity for declining Marconi's offer more keenly than Sir John Reith, but consideration of public responsibility had to come before feelings of personal sympathy.

Apart from those who accuse the B.B.C. of discrimination against Italy there are others who would favour a definite policy of reprisals against the propaganda broadcast daily to English listeners from Rome and other stations. "Why should we not pay them back in their own coin?" they argue: "Why should we not counteract the effect of biased statement by the presentation of the League's point of view?" Such suggestions have appeared in the correspondence columns of the *Daily Telegraph* and even found a sympathetic echo in the comments of the *Spectator*. The French press, notably *L'Oeuvre*, also advocates similar action. Then the conception of an International Air Force would acquire a new meaning, for by arrangement through the International Broadcasting Union, member-States of the League would be authorized to increase the power of their stations and make a systematic attempt at permeating the Italian people with pro-League propaganda. Some would even extend this voice-for-a-voice and ear-for-an-ear policy to a definite application of "Radio Sanctions" and claim that Italian stations should be jammed by powerful European transmitters. Such was the programme foreshadowed some weeks ago in one of our

Sunday papers and proclaimed as "confidently expected in radio-politico circles". What these "radio-politico circles" were is not stated. In any case such a course of action would be a departure from the traditional British policy. When a similar suggestion was made in the House of Commons over four years ago to the effect that lectures on England by eminent British subjects should be broadcast in foreign languages, the Prime Minister showed little sympathy for the proposal.

There seems to be no valid technical reason why "Radio Sanctions" should not be drafted into the general framework of sanctions. Nor is it conceivable that the Duce would erect some ethereal breakwater round the frontiers of his land. Centuries before the coming of wireless King Canute taught a lesson to all would-be autocrats when he sought to stay the course of the waves. The Dictator of a small country where the licence holders are few in number can indeed put a stop to undesirable listening. The late President Gomez of Venezuela, perturbed by the transmissions sent from rebels who had left the country, forbade the ownership of sets to all but his own supporters. In Italy, is the obedience of the people to their leader so unquestioning that private individuals would voluntarily abandon their wireless sets or submit to a house to house search?

No, effective "Radio Sanctions" remain technically possible. It is a question of whether their application is politically expedient. The effect of such sanctions combined with economic pressure might be of immense significance. When the shoe has begun to pinch at home and no news of spectacular advance comes from the front broadcasts from abroad might have the effect of confirming the inarticulate doubts of the Italian people as to their ultimate success. They would certainly hasten the national disillusionment. And when this disillusionment comes, who can predict what will ensue? An individual who loses faith in himself is not only indifferent to his own fate but becomes a menace to his neighbours. His desperate actions are bound to involve others. When the same loss of faith occurs suddenly throughout a great nation the continued safety of other members of the international family would be little short of miraculous.

The wisest course for the B.B.C. at such times of international tension would be to continue its traditional policy. Accurate,

informative, and impartial news bulletins go a long way towards counteracting the hysteria of the popular press. They help to keep public opinion sane and tolerant. By excluding those sensational rumours which give a periodic fillip to the circulation of newspapers they assist the easy equilibrium of judgment so necessary for us to maintain at the present time. But beyond the legitimate borders of the country the spoken word—unless it be part of a regular Empire service—should not be directed. In international affairs we recognize the authority of the League of Nations and if any broadcasting activity deliberately transcending national frontiers is desirable, responsibility for its transmission should rest with the wireless station of the League—Radio-Nations. This station, which is normally operated by a Swiss commercial firm known as Radio Suisse, is legally liable to be taken over by the League in times of emergency. At present, the working of the station is on a semi-emergency basis. At the beginning of October, M. Avenol decided temporarily to take over the long-wave station at Prangins—which in normal times is run by Radio Suisse. It was from this station that the news was broadcast that Italy had been found to have violated the Covenant of the League and that a state of war existed involving a possible application of Article 16. Other official documents bearing on the course of the dispute have been broadcast regularly. As soon as any one nation informs the League of any measures taken by virtue of Article 16, the news is at once flashed to all other members of the League. Thus Radio-Nations has become a real centre of co-ordination, a means of instantaneous communication, when the need for rapid decisions has become of such urgency for a satisfactory settlement of the dispute. To admit the principle of collective action through the League and yet to advocate the application of independent “Radio-Sanctions” on the part of separate broadcasting concerns suggests a lamentable lack of logic. A fair and unprovocative service at home, together with transmissions of international scope broadcast only from stations specially authorized by the League—these are the essentials if anarchy in the air is to be avoided.

THE FIRST OF SPRING

BY ADRIAN BELL

THERE was an air of expectancy about the people whom we passed. Their faces were turned to the wood on the horizon as though expecting a miracle; expectant, yet doubting that this fine balance of sun and soft wind could be held longer than an hour. That, indeed, was the miracle. The people standing and staring were waiting for nothing more phenomenal out of that wood than a sight of fox and hounds. And as the wood was large, and as time went on without any sign, that began to appear as unlikely a piece of luck as was this weather.

We went on, and, finding the quietest lane we knew, turned in and sat under a sunny bank on the edge of a fallow to eat our bread and cheese.

The dried clods, the spruce ditch, the inches-high stubs that had been a hedge, were familiar details of this arable country open to the sky. And to-day of all days the sky was welcome. On the bank of sere winter grass a clump of pale violets shook in the breeze; and out of the clods a lark leaped up in full song, startling as a firework. Up and up with quivering wings, then down and down with them stretched and still; until a few feet from the ground the song suddenly ceased, and the bird melted into the clods again. That is spring in this country of bare earth; all its gladness concentrated in a few marginal violets and a spurt of lark-song. Unless you count—and indeed we do—the business of the day.

Down there, miniature with distance, a complicated labour went on. Horses four and three abreast, like some composite broad beast, plunged through the tilth drawing seed-drill and harrows. Elsewhere men went to and fro sowing artificial manure in sudden white puffs. Even seen from here there was a glad haste in action; it was not the bowed trudge of winter labour.

Even the meadow hedge had been split and laid so that it had the narrow neatness of a line of wattle hurdles. There was no wild thing higher than the violets.

A keeper appeared, his gun under his arm, and stood staring alertly into the distance like all whom we had passed. He had the sunken, hooded eyes of one who has spent his life keenly focussed. The rumour of the hounds possessed this place too. *He* knew some facts.

"They run a fox to Owlhover, and they run into a vixen and a litter of cubs there, so they whipped the hounds off, and now they're gone to Dodnash". He stared afar.

"How the larks sing!"

He came back: "Eh? Oh, ah, do they?" At the moment they almost drowned his words.

The keeper had appeared as from nowhere, and now another man stood suddenly before us, conjured out of the bare earth. He approached. He had the air of a pensioner, or at least of one who had arrived at that age when a man took odd jobs here and there, and "whiled himself", as they say, "a-tiffling about his place" between-times. He carried a stick, and coming near hailed the keeper in something between a shout, a laugh and a panting for breath—a vociferation which increased to a climax and then slowly diminished to a humming. Only one with an ear practised in the dialect could have told that he had said a couple of sentences in the greeting. The humming was a kind of *sostenuto*, while he considered whether he had anything further to add. It died away, and the keeper spoke.

"They've gone from Owlhover to Dodnash, but they're a wonderful long while".

"No, bor, they went to Roverstye first after Owlhover. I know because I just come from there".

The keeper brought out *his* news. "They run into a vixen and cubs; that's why they left Owlhover".

Honours were even. "They'll soon be at Dodnash now". Dodnash was the black wood with a point right over there as far as you could see. It seemed doubtful that any details of the sport could be visible from here whatever happened: but they were content to wait and watch.

The older man eased his limbs down on to the bank with his

stick, and looked at the spring seeding in progress down below, and the white puffs of the manure sowers.

"That stuff ain't no good" he considered, "not in a course of years. Look at they straw stacks. No matter where you go you see for ever of old straw stacks lie about. They ought to be under the crop, bor". He meant they should have been made into manure.

"That's so" added the keeper. "You never see no stock kept now."

"Straw-breakers not straw-benders is what's wanted" mused the other.

"Not straw-breakers *nor* straw-benders" the keeper amended; meaning neither big nor small cattle were to be seen.

"What about —— Farm?" I asked, naming one on which I knew changes had taken place.

"I used to work there" cried the older man. "But that's something different now".

"A Scotchman took it, didn't he?"

"Ay. He fenced all the land in, dug seven new ponds, and laid water on to every field. That cost something".

"A sheep farmer?"

"He keep a man and two dogs—that's all. But they two dogs know something. You never hear him shout at they. He give a whistle and they bring the sheep right before the master; the one stand as might be as near as I be to you, and the other drive the sheep one by one between the dog and the master while he count them".

"Any other stock?"

"He keep a lot of cows. But he don't milk they; they calve out in the field same as the ewes lamb, and he buy calves to run on the cows along of their own, and he run them like that as though they were a flock of sheep. And when the calves are grown he sell them, and let the cows dry themselves off".

The keeper said "You never hear any of the things calling out, night or day. Wonderful quiet that place is".

"Now his neighbour, he's just as different again. He've been having his land tore up by that there gyro-tiller. That work night and day, and if that's in a field near where your house stand you don't sleep a mite. That's got two lights same as might be

two eyes at the back, and same as another looking forrard. And the ground, why that seem to regular jumble like water behind that there thing ”.

“ That’s wholly put the steam tackles out of business ”.

“ Tackles is all right, but farmers can’t do without horses yet. Look, there’s twelve at work down there ”.

“ I see it like this ”, the keeper summed up. “ A farmer breed a colt and break it in. Now while that’s working for him and in the full vigour that’s growing into money. He buy a tractor—I know that’ll do twice the work of horses—but as soon as that’s in his field, afore that’s turned a furrow, that’s not worth so much as he give for it not by pounds. And all these machinery things are like that ”.

At that moment the older man hoisted himself up, and, as though that had helped him to see, cried “ They’re got to Dod-nash, look ! ”

We looked : the landscape seemed as empty as before.

“ There’s a bit like a speck of something just this side the corner of the wood—d’you see ? ”

Straining our eyes we saw a black speck : the keeper saw it too. “ That’s a horseman ”.

We feasted our eyes on him. He did not move.

The older man let himself slowly down on his stick again, remaining propped on it, stiffly stretched out.

Said the keeper at last, “ We found three badgers in the wood last Saturday ”.

“ So I heered ”, said the other.

“ Lord knows where they come from. There ain’t been no badgers about here for twenty years to *my* knowledge. We thought they must be foxes when we looked at the earth, but then we knew they weren’t foxes by the work. So we dug, and there were two badgers and they’d one young one ”.

“ What did you do with them ? ” I asked, guessing the inevitable answer.

“ We shot the two and the dog killed the young ’un ”.

“ Do they do such a great lot of damage, just three badgers on the whole estate ? ”

“ It’s like this ”, explained the keeper. “ The old master he like hunting ; the young master he *must* have birds for his

friends : he only think of the gun. Now how can you have birds and foxes ? There's got to be foxes for the hounds, and birds for the guns . . . I've got my job cut out. And then come they badgers . . . ”

“ Can't say as ever I see a badger alive ” remarked the older man, still watching the speck. “ But the barber he tell me their fur's worth for ever of money for shaving brushes ”.

“ You don't say that ? If only I'd a-known ”.

“ Yes, I confirmed, “ all the best shaving brushes are made of badger ”.

“ Lor'—and they'd lovely fur ” said the keeper.

“ What did you do with them ? ” asked his friend.

“ Buried 'em ”.

“ Ah well ”.

“ But only the day before yesterday ”. He clutched at a hope. “ I could dig 'em up again ”.

“ Look ! ” cried the other, swinging to his feet ; “ there's *two* now ”.

We looked. Yes, there were two specks. They moved, or seemed to move, first near together, then further apart.

“ They keep hawering about : there'll be a stir afore long ”.

We waited, but nothing further happened, and our tension of staring relaxed *once* more.

“ Ah well, 'tis the first of spring to-day ”, said the older man, and sat down on the violets.

MOVING SOUTH

BY HORACE THOROGOOD

THAT "Industry is moving South" is one of those facts that are notorious without being deeply realized. For the movement is gradual, there is no dramatic mass transference from one half of the country to the other. It does happen, however, that the southward march has made an incidental concentration at one point, and by so doing afforded a striking object-lesson in what it is going to mean to the hitherto unindustrialized South. This point is the town of Luton, in Bedfordshire. The situation created there is like a problem play in which a general phenomenon is shown at work in a particular instance.

The reasons why the role of concrete example has fallen to Luton are plain enough. It was already an industrial town, in the qualified Southern sense of the term. Ever since James I's time, when that king transplanted there from Scotland the colony of Lorraine straw-plaiters brought over by Queen Mary, Luton has been the seat of the English straw-plait industry. Large fortunes were made by Luton hat manufacturers, and to this day the same brand of utilitarian Liberalism which characterized the manufacturing towns of the North in the time of John Bright lingers there. But today, the straw-hat industry is in course of being superseded in importance by the engineering, chemical, automobile, and other younger industries. The unemployment so rife everywhere else has been negligible here.

Not surprisingly, then, the name of this exceptionally-favoured place has, during the last few years, become very familiar to the unfortunate inhabitants of the depressed areas. Employment was readily found by those who, trekking South—or, from the Welsh coal valleys, east—in search of work, had halted there. They wrote home with the news and sent for their families. Their letters were shown round and discussed, until the fame of

Luton started a sort of gold rush. About eighteen months ago, streams of immigrants from the idle shipbuilding and engineering works of the Clyde, the Tyne, and the Mersey, and from the dismal coalfields of Durham, Yorkshire, and South Wales, began to converge on the town. In 1935, 10,000 had arrived, including women and children. And the influx goes on.

Thus it comes about that the visitor to Luton today finds a scene of anomaly, contrast, and, behind it, crisis.

In this town in the heart of rural Bedfordshire, county of broad-speaking folk where little Bunyans are still being christened John, he hears of an evening more Scottish and North-country dialect than anything else, varied frequently by Welsh. He finds a confusion of peoples—strangers from utterly different environments, with sharply-contrasted habits, settling down among a native population who do not cordially appreciate them.

The external effect that strikes the visitor first is the prevalence of the unfamiliar accents.

“Tur-r-n richt by yon traffic-lichts, and it’s a wee way doon”, answered the man of whom I asked a direction on leaving the station. After an hour in the town, it was surprising if, on passing a group of young people gossiping, the same Scottish accents did not fall on my ears. In the Town Council offices later on, it was the open-vowelled Bedfordshire speech of the clerks that seemed strange.

Something queer about the aspect of the streets also will strike the visitor. Luton is not pretty. It has none of the homely, cosy attractiveness of the usual Southern town, being just a welter of buildings that are ugly when they are not merely dull.

But what is definitely foreign to it is the appearance at every main street corner of those loose groups of silent loafers which are a familiar feature of most Northern industrial towns. They stand with hands in pockets, collarless, staring blankly about them, exchanging brief words at long intervals. It is the inherited habit of the dwellers in Scottish “closes” and sea-port tenements and colliery village slums, unused to home life, because such homes have neither room nor attraction for them. Luton people dislike it, and not without reason, for the corner groups sometimes fall out with one another, and then there is fighting, conducted sometimes in the savage gang-fashion of

Glasgow, with razor-blades and knives. Coming largely from the Clyde, the contingent from Scotland includes a good proportion of Irish, and Glasgow will know what that means.

The municipal problems created by the influx begin to be regarded with anxiety by the ratepayers. With a population increasing at the pace of 10,000 a year, it is obvious that the services which sufficed before the immigration began must be suffering a serious pressure. And so they are. The situation, in fact, has taken the town authorities by surprise, for which they cannot be blamed. They are faced with the urgent need of considerable expansion in all departments.

Deficiency is most marked in housing. Most of the new houses have been built by private enterprise and do not aim at working-class tenants. So the majority of the newcomers have to squeeze in where they can, and there is consequently a good deal of overcrowding. The trains from the North constantly unload the wives, children, and more distant relatives of men who have got work in the town, and they have to be tucked away in already congested premises. There are as many as seventeen in a house. Also, the men, who probably paid 5s. a week rent where they came from, will take the new houses at 17s. 6d. to £1 a week on wages averaging, say, 45s., and let as many rooms in them as they can. Slum clearances are in danger of being balanced by new slum creations.

So there is much to do in house-building. The drainage system and the street-lighting are also undergoing large extensions. A new hospital is to be built. New open spaces are required. The newcomers have much larger families than the native Lutonians, whose women, being numerous employed in the hat factories, are not prolific mothers; and temporary premises have had to be converted into school-rooms while new schools are being erected.

The Industrial South of the future may learn from these facts what material problems await it. But other problems, no less disturbing, are involved. For industrialism, changing from one area to another, means also an infusion of new population following the movement of employment, with its consequent upsetting of social, religious, and political values. It can be predicted, from the experience of Luton, that there will be a stern wrestle

between what amount almost to two different civilizations. No doubt the South, different in climate, scenery, and tradition from the North, richer in the comforts and amenities that do so much to soften asperity, and close to the microcosm of the world that London is, will conquer and naturalize the invaders in time ; but there will be an interregnum of clash when many details will suffer change. Similarly with politics. The invaders of Luton have not yet had time to exercise an important influence on elections, but there are already sufficient new voters—practically all Labour—to make it very doubtful whether the long Liberal tradition of the town is not overthrown for good.

Perhaps that is the sharpest portent of all. An industrialized South will have to brace itself to meet a rougher challenge from democracy than it has been accustomed to.

THE LITERARY CAFES OF PARIS

BY N. SCARLYN WILSON

PARIS, bereft of its cafés, would be unimaginable. These institutions have played throughout history a notable part in the social and political life of France. They have also been closely associated with literature and art, and their influence in this connection goes back far beyond the seventeenth century, when coffee was first introduced, to the Middle Ages when men of letters forgathered in the taverns to talk and take their ease, while, in the quaint phrase of Prynne, the Puritan pamphleteer, " refocillating their wasted energies " with food and wine.

It was in 1603 that Walter Raleigh established a poets' club at the Mermaid Tavern in Bread Street, to which on the first Friday of each month came Shakespeare, Donne, Inigo Jones, Francis Beaumont and many others. In Paris there were no such pre-arranged meetings, but literary history makes mention of the taverns two centuries earlier than this. It was from the Mule in the Rue Saint Jacques that Master François Villon issued forth, with four companions, one night just before Christmas, 1456, to rob the Collège de Navarre. But his favourite haunt was the Pomme de Pin, whose windows of coarse glass or oiled linen looked out on to the Rue de la Juiverie, just opposite the Madeleine Church in the Cité. The landlord, in his time, was Robin Turgis, who was doubtless the victim, on occasion, of Villon's ingenious efforts to get wine long after his credit, though not his thirst, was exhausted. In the seventeenth century the host was Crenet, whom Boileau mentions in his Third Satire. In the interim, such men as Rabelais and Mathurin Régnier, the satirist, had visited the tavern, but it was in the early part of the seventeenth century that the Pomme de Pin became more than ever the resort of a motley collection of authors.

The list of the minor tavern poets is a long one, but most of

them are, at best, only remembered by an occasional poem in an anthology. There were 5,000, or more, taverns in Paris, and many of them were far from being mere drinking dens. The larger ones supplied food as well, though the fare consisted mainly of seasoned and salted dishes artfully designed to provoke thirst. The habitués of such places were not just tipplers. The tavern was for them both a restaurant and a club. However lean the purse might be, good conversation was cheap, and Molière, Racine, and La Fontaine all found their way into the Pomme de Pin.

The first shop where coffee was sold in Paris was opened in 1643 by a Levantine, near the Petit Châtelet, and had only a brief existence. Seventeen years later both Mazarin and the Marshal de Gramont brought men from Italy to illustrate the means of preparing tea, chocolate, and coffee, all new and strange beverages. Armenians tried to create a taste for them, not wholly without success, for in the doggerel gazette known as *La Muse de Cour* (December 2nd, 1666) Subligny wrote of the merits and defects of coffee. Three years afterwards Louis XIV received a deputation from the Ottoman Empire which, though politically unproductive, was later responsible for the burlesque ballet in "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme". Moreover, the emissary, Soliman Aga, offered coffee to his visitors, and in this way the new beverage was made known to the court.

Coffee houses sprang up in different parts of Paris. An Armenian, named Pascal, opened one at the Foire Saint Germain, and when the fair closed as usual on Palm Sunday, he moved his business to the Quai des Écoles (Quai du Louvre) where he sold his coffee at 2 sous 6 deniers a cup. The venture failed, and he departed to tempt fortune in London.

It was then that Francesco Procopio dei Coltelli, a Palerman, or possibly a Florentine, came on the scene. Originally an assistant of Pascal, he stayed in Paris after his employer's departure to England, and, following a brief sojourn in the Rue de Tournon, settled in 1686 in the Rue des Fossés Saint-Germain.

The accommodation in the old taverns had been poor: the company often suspect. But in this new establishment the walls were hung with mirrors—then a great luxury. Marble-topped tables stood on the floor. Cut-glass chandeliers hung from the

ceiling. The seating was comfortable; a large stove warmed the room, and, round the pipe leading from it, notices were fixed bearing the news of the day. The success of the *Café Procope* was assured!

From that moment the use of coffee spread rapidly, though there were still some who viewed it askance. Malebranche considered it an excellent purgative, while Saint-Simon condemned the future Regent, not only for his revelling and his blasphemy, but also for the incredible number of cups which he drank "of this pernicious liquid, fit at the best for the very dregs of the people". Voltaire, whose health was none too good, shared with the Duc d'Orléans the taste for coffee, but in his day it was only drunk after it had been well diluted and boiled ten times, and was therefore far weaker and less bitter than the modern drink. It was taken with milk by some as early as 1685, but it was only about 1760 that it came to be prepared by infusion.

The popularity of the *Café Procope* was responsible for the establishment of many others. By 1723 there were 380 in Paris; by the end of the century, 1788; and seven years later the number had increased to 4,000.

Many of these cafés quickly assumed a character of their own, and some of them retained it over a long period, despite political events, chance, and the fickleness or caprice of the public. Thus the *Café Bidaut* was the resort of chess-players, the *Café des Boucheries* the haunt of theatrical folk, especially at Easter, when managers assembled there to engage their companies. The *Café Hardy* was frequented by Bourse speculators, and the *Café Marion*, in the Rue de Valois, one of the oldest in Paris, was patronized by writers.

But among all the cafés of Paris the *Procope* was for long supreme. d'Alembert and Beaumarchais were constant visitors. Crébillon, the writer of horrific tragedies, went there often, accompanied sometimes by stray dogs, which he fed and took home in order to teach them tricks, subsequently turning into the street again those that did not prove sufficiently apt pupils.

Voltaire was seldom there, and once his presence passed unnoticed, for he put on the soutane of a priest and sat in a corner for an hour and a-half, so as to learn the candid opinion of the

frequenters on his tragedy "Sémiramis", which had had its première the night before. Rousseau visited the Procope on his return from the court performance, at Fontainebleau, of his operetta "Le Devin du Village." Thirty years later he was seen at the Café de la Régence, where such throngs of people gathered to see him that the police were obliged to forbid him to show himself in public places.

The Régence, at the corner of the Rue Saint Honoré and the Place du Palais Royal, was for a long time the only serious rival to the Procope. In 1777, its clientèle included Chamfort, Marmontel, Le Sage, and Franklin, and it was here that Diderot was first introduced to Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century, newspapers, both French and foreign, were available for the use of café customers, but in the early days it was the almost total lack of newspapers, which are now such a feature of café life, that contributed to the success of the cafés, and made them centres for the exchange of news. Semi-professional gossips went from one to the other, and in his novel "La Valise Trouvée" (1740) Lesage drew a picture both of a typical café and of the *nouvellistes* who haunted it.

As early as 1721 Montesquieu saw the significance of this feature of café life. In his "Lettres Persanes" he makes his mouthpiece, Usbèk, remark: "If I were the ruler of this land, I would close the cafés, for those who frequent them exalt their brains dangerously. I would rather see them get drunk in a tavern. There they would only harm themselves, but the intoxication they find in the café makes them dangerous for the future of the country".

La Reynie, the Lieutenant-General of Police, realized this danger, and saw to it that the cafés should be freely visited by spies, who brought all suspicious or seditious talk to his notice. It was probably the presence of spies that made Voltaire so chary of going to cafés, and Marmontel and his friends devised a code in order to be able to carry on their philosophical arguments. Thus, the soul was "Margot"; liberty, "Jeanneton"; and God, "M. de l'Etre". One day a listening spy asked: "Who is this M. de l'Etre who has behaved badly so often, and against whom you have such a grudge?"

"A police spy", was the bland answer. In some such way

are critics of the Fascist regime in Italy wont to refer to Mussolini.

But police supervision and counter propaganda by the Government were not enough to still the murmur of criticism which swelled suddenly into an overwhelming roar. For twenty years literature was a secondary preoccupation, and politics the absorbing theme. The Palais Royal became *le camp des patriotes*, and the Café Foy, ceased to be the resort of aristocrats, and became a storm-centre of the Revolution, with Camille Desmoulins haranguing the crowd from a table-top, while Robespierre, still biding his time, played chess at the Café de la Régence, and ate quantities of oranges for the good of his complexion.

The feverish years of the Revolution, the Directory, and the First Empire over, the cafés ceased largely to be a focus of extreme political agitation. The centre of amusement shifted to the Boulevards, a process rendered easier by the improved paving, and by the introduction of gas lighting in the streets, which was a great attraction.

Famous among the cafés of the Boulevard de Gand (now the Rue Drouot) was Tortoni's, at which Ballanche, the mystical writer, breakfasted daily on bread and Brie cheese, washed down with innumerable cups of tea, before going by omnibus, in his black coat and white cravat, to the Rue de Sèvres to spend the day with Mme. Récamier and Chateaubriand.

Equally well known was the Café du Divan, in the Rue le Peletier, frequented by Théophile Gautier, Berlioz, Gérard de Nerval, and Balzac. It was from here that Henry Monnier, a practical joker as well as a brilliant caricaturist, one evening virtually drove a bourgeois couple, by pretending to be the city executioner and indulging in appalling reminiscences of his pretended calling.

At the corner of the Rue Marivaux stood the Café Anglais, at first a humble place, patronized by impecunious English officers after the Napoleonic campaign. But its rise to prominence was rapid, since it was here that Balzac placed an episode of "Père Goriot", which was supposed to occur in 1819. The most frequent visitor at this and other cafés between midnight and one o'clock in the morning, was the celebrated Nestor Roqueplan, at one time the editor of the *Figaro*, at others successively director of the Opéra, the Opéra Comique, the Nouveautés, the Variétés,

and the Châtelet, and throughout his career a great gourmet, a notable wit, and a sprightly observer of contemporary life.

The Café Momus, opposite the office of the *Journal des Débats*, was the haunt of Murger and his friends, Wallon and Schaun, who appeared as Colline and Schaunard, respectively, in *La Vie de Bohême*. This trio, with their associates, more or less forcibly expelled the bourgeois of the quarter from the café. Presently, however, and, to the relief of the owner, they withdrew to the Café Génin, in the Rue Vavin, the *dame du comptoir* of which attained a certain notoriety on the ground of having formerly been the mistress of Fieschi, the would-be assassin of Louis-Philippe.

It is worthy of note, in passing, that, whilst some café or other was the centre of most political or literary movements, this was not true of the Romantics. Theirs was a literature of the salons rather than of the cafés, and their meetings took place either at Hugo's house in the Place Royale, at Mme. Récamier's, or in Nodier's salon at the Arsenal.

The taste for beer rendered the brasseries, for a time, more important than the cafés, though the two soon became indistinguishable. Under the Second Empire, one of the chief resorts of writers and artists was the Brasserie des Martyrs. Here Baudelaire and Claude Monet were generally to be found, though it was actually at the Lemblin that a friend suggested "Les Fleurs du Mal" as a title for Baudelaire's poems.

The Procope, now lit by gas, its famous mirrors replaced by portraits of eighteenth century celebrities, still endeavoured to keep its place in a changing city. Anatole France went there in his youth. But the most eminent habitué was Gambetta, who talked and argued incessantly. When his friends grew weary, he would fall back for an audience on strangers, and once talked passionately for two hours to a couple of men, only to find at the close of his exposition that they were deaf mutes. Even Gambetta's eloquence, however, could not save the Procope. Its glory had departed, and the younger generation preferred newer and noisier cafés.

Absinthe-drinking, brought to France by troops who had taken part in the conquest of Algeria, a practice now forbidden, was at one time widespread. It was at the Divan that Alfred de

Musset imbibed the sinister mixture of beer, brandy, and absinthe which hastened his end. At the Café de la Source, Verlaine, with his unhappy associate, Arthur Rimbaud, drank it to excess, and it was to meet Verlaine here that Moréas, his most fervent admirer, brought Pierre Louys, the author of the erotic masterpieces *Aphrodite* and *Woman and Puppet*, André Gide, and Henri de Régnier. For the last fifteen years of his life Verlaine spent most of the time, when he was not in hospital, dreaming, drinking, discussing, and chattering at the cafés, and every Saturday evening, at the Café Voltaire (Place de l'Odéon) he presided over an assembly of such men as Rodin, Gauguin, Maurice Barrès, and others more or less connected or in sympathy with the Symbolist movement. At about the same time the painters, Manet, Pissarro, and Degas, were frequenting the celebrated Chat Noir.

In the early years of the twentieth century, Montmartre was still a genuine centre of artistic life. The Rat Mort was the rendezvous of contributors to the *Courrier Français*, but the most crowded of all in the quarter was the famous Lapin Agile, kept by Frédéric, and the resort of Carco, whose books on apache life are well known, and of Roland Dorgèles, who shares with the late Henri Barbusse the distinction of inaugurating the long list of realistic "War" books. It was Dorgèles who hit on the idea of getting the host's donkey to brush a canvas with its tail dipped in paint. The result, grandiloquently entitled "Sunset over the Adriatic", was triumphantly exhibited at the Salon des Indépendants, and was duly praised by a considerable number of art-critics!

Montmartre and Montparnasse are now only shadows of what they were. The Boulevards, too, have lost much of their character. Voisin's, for instance, is no more. This does not mean that the literary café does not exist, but it is hard to find, and its atmosphere has changed. The drunkard who was also a genius, has vanished, and his successor at the table may well be a drinker of orange juice. But the café, literary or purely social, though superficially different, remains fundamentally the same. It is seemingly eternal, and for good reason: "A man can find everything in a café, even happiness".

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

A Monthly Commentary

AFTER a funeral ceremony in which the leading figures were more widely observed than has ever before been known or been possible in the world, one note seems to have run through the comment of all onlookers. All the world was sorry for the young King. King Edward's subjects think of him as young, though Napoleon and Wellington were only a little older when they met at Waterloo. But the English education, of which he is a typical example, produces and almost desires (everywhere but in the Navy) a slow development. He is young in fact ; and unless all public belief is wholly in error, unless also his bearing at that ceremony misled all eyes, he comes unwillingly to his great and undefined responsibilities. He is far away, seemingly, from Prince Henry's soliloquy, when by the old King's bedside he put on the crown—vacant as he believed—

**The Young
King**

Lo ! here it sits

Which heaven shall guard, and put the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me.

At all events, it is a far cry from King Henry's IV's reproach :
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair ?

The people of England are in love with sincere modesty. They think that the King would have preferred for himself a less terribly conspicuous place of service ; but they have entire confidence that he will bring into this new dignity the same energy and alacrity, and the same desire to serve, that he showed when

Prince of Wales. Yet it is with a touch of sympathy, even of compassion, that they wish him well.

His reign has begun at a critical stage in the attempt to define the liberties of civilization. Not only to define, but to establish them; for they are challenged. Civilization, it is not denied, has the right to form a League whose purpose is to protect its members against aggression. Collective security, it has been pointed out by that very able Spanish statesman, Señor Madariaga, is a secondary object, attained by creating collective protection. That primary object may be attained by collective agreement to abstain from aggression: but if and when agreement is violated, collective protection becomes necessary. It is sometimes argued that the League is a nullity because the United States refuses to join, and the Monroe doctrine implies that the States will not allow anyone else to protect freedom on the American continent. This goes beyond the truth. The League of Nations intervened, to some extent, though to little purpose, in the Chaco dispute. There was no protest from the United States. Suppose the League had decided to name one of the combatants as the aggressor, and had then called upon its members to impose economic sanctions against the aggressor, is it conceivable that the United States would have resented and resisted this as a breach of the Monroe doctrine? I think not. The United States would probably—indeed, certainly—have left its citizens free to supply the aggressor, but no more. Yet military intervention would have raised more serious questions.

In the Italo-Abyssinian dispute we are faced with the fact that Italy claims the right to say how far the nations in the League may use their right to refuse supplies. An organized refusal, if it extends to oil, will be treated, we are told, as an act of war. If the League submits to this limitation, then the liberties of civilization are singularly restricted. The aggressor, after aggression has been committed and defined as aggression, may threaten war against the Power or Powers that he chooses to regard as responsible for the League's action; and the League, in its abhorrence of war, will have recognized it as its duty, and its

**The Oil
Embargo**

interest, to submit.—There is, however, this one limiting fact : Italy, judging by the previous cases, the Chaco and China, could not, or anyhow did not, foresee this organized refusal. The position is not the same as if the circumstances of aggression had been laid down in advance.

There is the further case of a Power which threatens aggression, which refuses to abandon the pretension to pursue its objects by force, and equips itself openly (or secretly) with the means to do so. If Powers within the League organize among themselves the means for prompt resistance to such aggression, the threatening Power protests against "alliances" directed against it. It talks of "encirclement". Some advocates of peace and of the League protest against arrangements that can be so described. Mr. Lloyd George protests against the encirclement of Germany. Now, Germany is surrounded on all sides by States which belong to the League, and which are not disarmed. Germany, by its own choice outside the League, becomes a sort of island. Is Germany, or is Europe, responsible for Europe's attitude to Germany? Is it necessary that those Powers which, if Germany undertook an act of aggression, would have to cope with it, should refrain from making such arrangements as will ensure that resistance shall be at once formidable? If so, the liberties of civilization are again notably curtailed.

It is in this light that not only the question of refusing to supply oil ought to be considered, but also the further question of making provision against possible acts of aggression in the east of Europe. Indeed, that is perhaps too narrow a statement of the object. *The Times*, which does not deal in sensational journalism, published on February 7th an article concerning the increase of military and naval outlay which Holland feels called upon to undertake. The same article indicates the very material facts which have pressed Dutch statesmen to this very unwelcome increase of burdens on their taxpayers. There could indeed be no stronger symptom of the anxiety which presses upon Europe; East and West, Great Britain and France have their full share.

Immediate danger lies, of course, in the Italian quarter. It is

now settled, the world has full warning, that if Italy strikes at either England or France, the attack will call out both these Powers, and the ultimate issue cannot be doubtful. But the initiative would rest with Italy, and public opinion should realize that great damage might be inflicted.

The other topic which preoccupies men's minds is the question: what would Germany do if Italy decided to run amok? France, above all, wants to know how far, in that case, English support against aggression would be forthcoming. The answer seems plain if aggression were directed against France, Belgium, or Holland. But suppose that in such a case Germany proceeded to militarize the demilitarized zone by the Rhine in contravention of all engagements. How far would English opinion support an English government in resistance? No further certainly than the League of Nations would authorize. Or again, if aggression took place in the East of Europe, defined as aggression by the League, what could be expected of England? It seems as though the present Italo-Abyssinian dispute presents an answer. England might probably lay down as a general rule that where the League defined an aggressor, England would on principle join in imposing economic sanctions, provided the League at large took the same course. Military action could only be counted on where a British interest was clearly affected, and only against an aggressor. But France, which with England stands at the head of those Powers that seek collective security by collective protection, must be free to organize other means of joint action where she cannot count on England. In other words, a Franco-Russian pact is just as necessary to civilization as an Anglo-French one. Colonel de Watteville's article elsewhere in this REVIEW is for that reason rather reassuring than alarming. We have advanced a considerable way in the past six months. The League of Nations can be counted upon to denounce an aggressor. Action, up to a point, has followed, though it has not yet been made clear that such economic action may be undertaken as a duty—that all states joining in it will be protected. In practice a clear distinction is drawn between military and non-military sanctions. It is recognized also that resistance by military force

to aggression is fully compatible with the League's principles. The peace of Europe seems to depend on the spread of a conviction that an aggression will meet with strong military resistance from any power in the League which feels itself specially affected, and this resistance will be backed by economic sanctions, imposed by all members. But the essential is that everyone shall know this in advance.

Herr Hitler's chief spokesman announces to the world that he for his part prefers to depend "on guns" rather than on guarantees. Europe must take warning by the fact that in Germany, war is still regarded as the supreme expression of the nation's life.

**No Ill Will
to Germany**

Further, each year in Germany the population and the army become always more closely identified, and the General Staff is more and more the Government. On the whole, this is preferable to a government by the Nazi party. But it is not believable that if an opportunity presents itself to attain an end by force, or by threat of force, the General Staff will not profit by it without considering whether it does or does not constitute an act of aggression. The limit to that disposition will be a knowledge that grave impediments to attainment exist. If as a consequence Germany feels herself encircled, that is matter of regret, but not for abandoning the precaution. There is no ill will to Germany, as Germany, in England. The present King, when Prince of Wales, speaking to German ex-servicemen, said that the bitter things of the last war were forgotten and forgiven. That sentence found no echo in France or Belgium—indeed, how should it?—but it truly, I think, represented the mind of the average Englishman. The things for which Germany is disliked in England date from long after the war; they are things repugnant to the English conception of a civilized freedom. They have not, however, been felt as a menace to England. But already the attitude of Germany begins to be regarded, even in England, as a menace to peace. Even the English, who do not like thinking ahead, begin to ask themselves how far it is necessary to be prepared. And in thinking out preparedness, thought must centre on German armament. That, and only that, is what people mean by the encirclement of Germany.

This is the central disturbance. Further away from the danger is Greece, where the death of a strong man, General Kondylis, has perhaps made the restored king's task more desperate—and perhaps made it easier. A stronger and stabler Greece would make the Mediterranean problem more tractable; and Greece is gaining strength. But along the line of the Danube, all countries have political barometers that run up and down. Czechoslovakia, governed since the war by the most practical idealists that Europe of our time has produced, contributes by its poise and clear outlook to steady things; Rumania also appears comparatively free from nerves; but Yugoslavia, with its Croat problem unresolved, keeps the balance dancing. It is not reasonable, it is not just, that any of these Succession States should claim the right to say how unhappy Austria should or should not be governed; but owing to the Croat difficulty, Yugoslavia is violently opposed to a Habsburg restoration; and when representatives of these lesser Danubian Powers were parleying in Paris, on their way back, presumably, from other parleys in London, the Archduke Otto thought to advance the Habsburg chances by adding himself to the council; and the hope of a common policy uniting the interests of the Little Entente with those of Austria and of Hungary is deferred in a way to make any heart sick. Decision is postponed as to the orientation of Danubian hopes and fears. Between Italy and the League of Nations, with France and England leading it, choice was not uncertain. But does the future lie with the League or with Germany? Which conception is to prevail? The rule of law or the rule of force? Guns or guarantees? As things are, only one fact is certain: there must be an adequate provision of guns behind the guarantees, and behind the guns, a publicly announced determination of all who stand for the League to refuse all supplies and services to the aggressor.

Scotland has been kind to two very distinguished Scots; the return of the MacDonalds makes pleasant chronicling. Scotland will also enjoy the ironic touch by which the ex-Prime Minister owes his seat to that university representation which he once proposed to abolish. Democracy, like other things, can die of

too much logic: Mr. MacDonald is providentially saved from the rigidity of his own principles.

No other writer of the first rank in our day reached so wide a range of readers as Kipling, and very few have had so much effect on the mind of England. Or rather, perhaps, he gave utterance to the dominant mood of England in a full-blooded period in her history; both political history and the history of literature will see in him the spokesman of England between Queen Victoria's Jubilee and the close of the Boer War. There were two strains in him: the journalist and the poet, and the journalist on occasion exploited deplorably the poet's gift for writing verse that would be remembered. But the poet, who lay deepest in that mixed nature, insisted on finding a poetic reason for the desire which then became a rage in England. "What I want, is to see all that pink on the map", was the vulgar expression: Kipling turned it into a theory of the "White Man's Burden", and Mary Kingsley, who usually read her Kipling with delight, raged against this perversion of truth. England, she held, did not go abroad and occupy country in philanthropic care for the nations, but to secure markets for her own English people: this involved certain duties, carried out as a matter of justice. But Mary Kingsley had her roots in the English commonalty: Kipling had his in that singular society of a few thousand picked English folk whose whole existence presupposed their right to govern as many millions of Indians. His patriotism, the leading motive of so much that he wrote, was for an abstract England, England the imperial Power. "What do they know of England who only England know?" He accepted so fully the conception of Englishmen ruling everywhere by right divine that much in his work jars. I can imagine an English-speaking Malay reading Conrad's tales with no less pleasure than any European, but I cannot feel that any Indian would have that enjoyment of Kipling. Even in his *Ballads of East and West*, a thing as good as any of Walter Scott's, he writes, it is true, of the Border robber as Sir Walter of the Lowland Scot might have written of a Highland cateran; yet in the end the Eastern brigand sends his son to be part of the Western police. Or, again, in *Kim*

(though in honesty I must say that this has never lessened my enchantment) the story that he tells is the making of a secret agent. Kim is to be a spy. The very attractive Afghan horse dealer is a spy, over and above his trade—and Kipling likes him the more for it. Yet, whatever Indians may feel about this wonderful book, no European reader can have an unkind thought of the writer who created Kim's old lama. In that figure is all the best of Kipling, the best of his interpretation of the East.

By *Kim* and by the *Jungle Book* he came in his lifetime to hold rank as a foreign classic in France. Anybody who puts his work to the crucial test of reading it aloud will find these books gain by it, and even by a second reading: whereas in the stories of Anglo-Indian life, *Soldiers Three* and the rest, the same test at once shows the commoner streak, which was the journalist's, breaking in. *Kim* and the *Jungle Book* are each in themselves all of a piece, work of pure imagination; in the others, journalistic memory will every now and then obtrude some image, or some phrase, that has not passed through the transmuting fusion. Yet what a deal the poet owed to the journalist's insatiable curiosity, and insistence on familiarity with every detail of what he observed, and on the right name for every object! Kipling possessed the whole English language if ever a man did in our time. I belong to the generation that discovered Kipling for itself; I can remember when and where I first picked up *Plain Tales from the Hills* knowing nothing of book or author, and read *The Taking of Lung Tung Pen*. I can remember being reproved by a person of culture for maintaining that *Departmental Ditties* had passages in it of true poetry. I can remember scandalizing a literary society which had listened to a superior person's discourse on "The Decay of English Fiction" by maintaining that two young men, called Rudyard Kipling and J. M. Barrie, were driving the heavy artillery out of the field with their short stories. Since then, the vogue of both these writers has far passed my anticipations, and now the superior persons begin again to be heard in disparagement. But on the whole, if out of the books of the last fifty years I had to pick my candidate for immortality, I incline to think that it would be *Kim*.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

A CHALLENGE TO ORTHODOXY

By PROFESSOR ARNOLD PLANT

THE GENERAL THEORY OF UN-EMPLOYMENT, INTEREST AND MONEY, by John Maynard Keynes.
Macmillan. 5s.

WHAT will impress the general reader most forcibly about Mr. Keynes's new treatise is the opening paragraph, in which this eminent economist, editor of the journal of the Royal Economic Society, solemnly condemns orthodox theory, "which dominates the economic thought, both practical and theoretical, of the governing and academic classes of this generation, as it has for a hundred years past", as "misleading and dangerous if we attempt to apply it to the facts of experience". The book is issued at a price destined to give it a circulation far beyond the ranks of economists. True, "the general public, though welcome at the debate, are only eavesdroppers", for Mr. Keynes writes primarily to convert his fellow economists to heresy, and the ordinary reader will follow little beyond the passages of rhetoric and ridicule. The atmosphere of the public meeting may be intended to provoke thought in unaccustomed places, "for in the field of economic and political philosophy there are not many who are influenced by new theories after they are twenty-five or thirty years of age", but the move was a bold one, for Mr. Keynes's mind travels quickly, and if he should

come to recant, a grave and lasting disservice may have been done to economic science.

Only early impressions from a first reading can yet be set down. General interest will probably centre on Mr. Keynes's practical conclusions. He believes firstly that those who wish to use direct taxation—income tax and surtax and death duties—in this country to reduce inequality of wealth and income need no longer fear repercussions upon the supply of savings. Secondly, he favours state action to lower the rate of interest. Thirdly, we might aim at an increase in the volume of capital until it ceases to be scarce, so that the functionless investor will no longer receive a bonus". "But beyond this no obvious case is made out for a system of State Socialism" "If our central controls succeed in establishing an aggregate volume of output corresponding to full employment as near as practicable, the classical theory comes into its own again from this point onwards" "There will still remain a wide field for the exercise of private initiative and responsibility. Within this field the traditional advantages of individualism will still hold good. . . . Individualism, if it can be purged of its defects and its abuses, is the best safeguard of personal liberty in the sense that, compared with

any other system, it greatly widens the field for the exercise of personal choice". Mr. Keynes's belief in orthodox economics remains so strong that it is the purpose of his political proposals to secure such alterations in the facts of experience as are in his opinion necessary to fit the theory.

Wherein lie the errors of the classical economists? Firstly, says Mr. Keynes, in that their theory assumes full employment. But if he will re-read (as I did recently at the suggestion of Professor Lionel Robbins) the essay on *The Influence of Consumption upon Production* written over a century ago by John Stuart Mill, he will find it argued that because of errors due to imperfect foresight it is normally the case that some producers ought to be contracting their operations while others expand, and that if all are extending their operations it is a certain proof that some general delusion is afloat. Again Mr. Keynes alleges that the orthodox theory concerning the relation between wages and employment is erroneous. (His own presentation suffers incidentally through an unnecessary preoccupation with the "marginal disutility of labour", for the behaviour of workers can be adequately explained in terms of available alternatives.) The orthodox theory is *inter alia* at pains to exhibit the causes of rigidity of individual wage rates and its effect on mobility and earnings. But to Mr. Keynes, such analysis reveals the "inexperienced person", for when practical policy is in question it is precisely changes in relative real wages which are resisted by Trade Unions. "With the actual practices and institutions of the contemporary world it is more expedient to aim at a rigid money-wage policy than at a flexible policy". A rise in prices secured by central action will, he argues, both reduce the burden of debt and diminish real wages without being resisted. These judgments of political

expediency nevertheless in no way invalidate the classical analysis of the effects of monopoly restriction in preventing the poorer workers from improving their relative position, and in hindering the attainment of mobility and flexibility which would increase employment without necessarily lowering the average wage-rate at all.

If Mr. Keynes's colleagues are not all converted, he must attach part of the blame to his new terminology. Definitions introduced in his *Treatise on Money* are now largely superseded. In the discussions of employment, employment is reduced on Marxian lines to standard labour units, the money wage of which is called a wage-unit; and aggregate employment is taken as a measure of real income. Confusion inevitably arises when employment is measured in money wage-units which themselves are liable to fluctuation, and on occasion (e.g., p. 172) it is not certain that Mr. Keynes has remembered his own terminology. He makes too high a claim for his important definition of money Income, which is carefully built up on a business-accounting basis from sales, purchases, wear and tear, and opening and closing stock. Since both the stock figures are admittedly mere valuations based on expectations of future income-yield, the resulting income figure cannot be termed "a completely unambiguous quantity". Difficulties encountered in the handling of accruing sinking funds might have been lessened by consideration of Mr. R. F. Fowler's study of *The Depreciation of Capital*.

Mr. Keynes's new definitions are largely required for a central section, which I imagine will be least readily accepted by his fellow economists, in which he makes use of the concept of the Multiplier introduced by Mr. R. F. Kahn, of King's College, Cambridge. Briefly the argument runs as follows: Imagine a community in receipt of a given income, and

suppose that income to be increased by a given increment. The part of the increment which will be consumed is determined by the Marginal Propensity to Consume; the balance will be invested. The increment of income can be expressed as a multiple of the amount invested. So far Mr. Kahn. Mr. Keynes now proceeds: "It follows, therefore, that, if the consumption psychology of the community is such that they will choose to consume, e.g., nine-tenths of an increment of income, then the multiplier is 10; and the total employment caused by (e.g.) increased public works will be ten times the primary employment provided by the public works themselves, assuming no reduction of investment in other directions". Because, *given* an increment of income, one-tenth would be invested, it is now asserted that a new investment will create ten times its amount of new income. I have still to discover in the book a demonstration of this proposition. If it were true, it might be supposed in the given case that since for the last previous increment of income the "marginal propensity to consume" would also approximate to nine-tenths, a decision by the community to save and invest an additional one-tenth of this last increment and consume only eight-tenths would also produce a corresponding increment of total income. But not so: Mr. Keynes apparently will have none of it. He excludes throughout the possibility of changes in the propensity to consume, the importance of which his own emphasis on changing "liquidity-preference" has well brought out. New investment by a government is even now apparently not excessive, despite his view that the supply of capital is already more than adequate. But, even at the margin, new investment arising from additional saving by individuals will in his view diminish employment and income, multiplier or no multiplier. It should be said

that Mr. Keynes makes it clear that he entertains no such extravagant view of the magnitude of the multiplier applicable to public works in this country.

There is nevertheless much stimulus and instruction for economists in this book, and "orthodox" students will find much that is parallel to their own recent thinking. Mr. Keynes develops very effectively under the name of the Marginal Efficiency of Capital the same concept as Professor Irving Fisher has enunciated in his *Theory of Interest*. He draws together and skilfully elaborates current ideas concerning "liquidity preference", and educes a definition of the rate of interest as the price which those desiring liquidity have to pay to others who possess cash, in order to persuade them to part with it. Much remains to be done to link up this approach with that which stresses the function of saving in making liquid resources available to those who want them. "Interest has been usually regarded as the reward of not spending, whereas in fact it is the reward of not hoarding". Better still, it is the reward for not spending *and* not hoarding. On the more realistic side, his Chapter XII on Long Term Expectation is a brilliant discussion of the clash between speculative and investment interests on Stock Exchanges, revealing (in the criticisms and proposals it contains) the preoccupations of an insurance company chairman.

Mr. Keynes may prefer to regard himself as a heretic: certainly there is much in this volume with which his fellow economists will disagree and indeed some sections which they will deplore. But there is much also to suggest that the differences which exist arise more in the field of policy than of analysis. Economics is concerned far more with the scientific study of human behaviour than with giving opinions on matters of political expediency.

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Lives & Letters, by Louis Marlow.
Chapman & Hall. 12s. 6d.

Books about living writers by their devoted friends are very rarely satisfactory and, indeed, are usually bad. Even when the subjects allow complete candour to the author, friends and relations generally resist. And the result is always flat, tentative and one-sided. Mr. Marlow's book on the Powys family has all these faults, and the only possible approach—that of literary criticism—he has purposely avoided for the mainly biographical one of personal reminiscence. He has been given considerably more licence to criticise than is usually given, for the Powys family are people with strong views and original habits and do not believe in concealing them. But some conventional reticence is necessary, and it is even more tiresome about the unconventional person than about the conventional. Moreover, the book is badly arranged and, but for a chapter on the alleged masochism of John Cowper Powys, is not very illuminating for all its copious use of family correspondence.

Mr. Marlow's devotion and friendship for the rather intimidating Powys family dates from over 20 years. He has loved them, quarrelled with them, put them

into his novels and known their ways. To him, who presumably lacked the clan spirit, there was something impressive and fascinating in this family which was above all a clan, and he has read many aspects of their characters pretty acutely. From their Welsh blood they seem to have got a theatrical element; at least this is fairly obvious in the cases of John Cowper and Llewelyn, and the correspondence of these two, when one has the patience to wade through it, is full of those posturings which were no doubt endearing in the family circle but which are wearisome to the ordinary reader who finds himself pushed on to the stage. Theodore and Littleton (the latter, a strangely and rather admirably conventional figure which this gifted family has produced), come off best because there is less of this posturing about them. And Theodore is by far the most interesting writer. Most of the family remain peculiarly isolated from the modern world, but Theodore's isolation seems the most genuine. It has also given rise to many good stories.

It must have been plain to all who have read any of the works of these writers that their personalities present fascinating psychological material. There is a curious mixture of the simple and the monstrous in their imaginations which makes them quite unlike any other writers of distinction that we have. If literary criticism is barred and the excellent Victorian model of family portraiture is discarded, the modern biographer could have made much more than Mr. Marlow has done of some sort of psychological investigation. Not doing this and remaining undecided between spirited candour and sudden discretion Mr. Marlow has erected a considerably over-inscribed monument to his warm friendship, and one which is likely to engage the malice of the reader in search of unconscious humour.

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MURRY ON SHAKESPEARE

By STEPHEN POTTER

SHAKESPEARE, by John Middleton Murry. *Cape*. 12s. 6d.

WITH all my admiration of Murry approached this book with a kind of qualm. Would there be here yet another re-statement of Murry-Jesus, Murry-Keats, Murry-Blake? Would his Shakespeare follow former patterns, and be traced through that new seven ages of man in which descent into hell, rebirth, and final acceptance are invariables? The steps of the descent, via *Hamlet* and *Troilus*, from the certainties of *Henry IV* to the Everlasting No of *Timon*, seem ready made. And for text of the Acceptance stage there is that aside near the end of *Lear* waiting to be extracted again from the hollow-voiced naudibility of an O.U.D.S.-like Edgar sitting uncomfortably in the midst of an Old Vic battle scene—"Ripeness is all." Such a correlation, by repeating, would lose its old power, would become formula. But this is not that kind of book. Shakespeare is interpreted more completely in Shakespeare's own terms than one would have thought possible.

The book starts quietly. It is, of course, an account of development. Some old and a few new autobiographical quotations are extracted from the plays. There is the game, which perhaps the reader will prefer to play for himself, of spotting "first authentic Shakespeare" in the earlier plays. Then the import of the sonnets is quietly, unsensationally, and, I think, truly described. It is an unemphatic book, but soon the reader feels that Shakespeare is being re-described for him, that the godlike warmth and geniality of Shakespeare has been intensified for him. The

character which Murry has chosen to discover is Faulconbridge in *King John*. Cousined by Mercutio, dividing later into Falstaff and Hotspur, re-uniting in Henry V, the Bastard embodies an essence of Shakespeare, genial and reckless, royal and humane, which is complemented by the other "Shakespeare man," the man who in sooth knows not why he is so sad, the Antonio of the *Merchant*, the Feste and Jaques of the middle comedies, until—Hamlet, in whom all Shakespeares are contained or latent.

Prince Hamlet is the Bastard, and Mercutio, and Benedick; he is that man, sprung from their root, debonair, generous, witty as they—the same splendid ship, but with the wind dropped from his sails.

In the chapter "Whether 'tis nobler" there is a little of the old-style Hamlet analysis. Nothing very deep, nor do I think that the verse rhythm of the opening five lines of the famous soliloquy allow the accent to be placed anywhere but on the "mind" of the second line. But there is a valuable implication in the point that Hamlet delayed out of fear of death, of the supernatural, of the undiscovered country; that at the ghost's tale each particular hair of his head really did stand on end. We forget that the reason Shakespeare is so completely for all time is *because* he was so completely of his age. As Murry says, we forget the particular in the general. In Shakespeare's age fear of the supernatural had reality, and we must remember to include this in Shakespeare's world just as we have to remember, in the historical plays, that

for Shakespeare and his contemporaries the fact of the anointed king, the divine right of kings, had a validity which it has now lost, but which forms the background to a play like *Richard II*.

From Hamlet, to Macbeth, where the meaning of the "brief candle" speech is cleared and tended. Then to Othello, where Murry speaks nearer to the truth than Bradley, who described Iago as a man delighting to make the lovers his instruments, while Murry shows Iago to be, like all machinators, a machine himself, not more than instrumental in the widening of the flaws and cracks always latent in perfect love.

But none of this is enough to explain the excited enthusiasm I feel for this book, nor the reason for the acclamation it will undoubtedly receive. My own feeling seems too obvious and simple to state. It is merely this—or no less than this. Murry's book has enabled me to re-see Shakespeare truths which I have always known. To see once more that he is different in kind from all other writers. That he is like a phenomenon of nature, that he is nature, capable of perpetually differing true interpretations. That he is a great poet. That in his completeness he achieved, among other consummations, complete Englishness. This sounds bald. If I were to particularise, I should point to Murry's ability to supercede the moral judgment, the "what a pity" attitude, in his criticism. The difficult fact, for instance, of Shakespeare's dependance on a popular audience for his success, because it is not taken for granted that this dependance is a pity, seems no pity at all: the whole bewildering problem is made comprehensible and no problem.

We are at the end of an epoch of Shakespeare criticism. The Shakespeare created by Coleridge, Shakespeare the subtle creator of character, has been submerged beneath the scientific extensions of Coleridge's followers. The

pattern has become stereotyped into endless Analyses of Shakespeare's Characters, a process to which even such fairy tale creatures as Jessica or Hermia (as Murry shows) have been subjected. Coleridge saw these creations as rooted in Shakespeare, as incarnations of Shakespeare: but in the process of mechanical analysis they have been separated clean away, leaving Shakespeare standing, ghostly and anonymous in the background. The criticism of this century must turn for the first time to Shakespeare himself. And this change Murry attempts. There is one chapter of his especially which might be made the text for this new criticism. He shows the irrelevance, in the *Merchant of Venice*, of trying to reconcile the human Shylock with the inhuman, the reality of some of the Rialto scenes with the folk-tale quality of the business of the caskets. Judged by the criterion of consistent character drawing, the play is a tangled mess. — Judged by its own values—consistency of mood and balance of emphasis—the play is as right a unity as anything Shakespeare wrote.

"And wouldn't Shakespeare himself have been astounded at all the subtleties his critics have found in him?" This question is always coming to shake our faith. Can we really imagine him discussing these problems with hearty friends at the Mermaid, or arty Earls of Southampton? Murry has an answer here too, a steady reply which he repeats again and again:

To ask whether Shakespeare meant this, is to ask a foolish question. On one level—that of deliberate and detailed contrivance—he cannot have meant it; on another level—that of imagination, and the unconscious creativeness which rejects from a given story all that impedes the manifestation of its finest potentiality and slowly adds to it all that can conduce to it—Shakespeare cannot not have meant it

GUIDE TO PHILOSOPHY, by C. E. M. Joad. Gollancz. 6s.

I AM not among those who think the highest possible praise of a book of this kind is to pronounce it as exciting any novel; but that, for what it is worth, can certainly be said on this occasion. If Miss Sayers sells her thousands (as I have no doubt she does), Mr. Joad should sell his tens of thousands. And if, as Ovid declared, whatever delights is accounted by Jove to be righteous, then Mr. Joad has done a work of notable righteousness. His subject is the largest and the most fascinating in the world, and he brings to that subject, not only an acute intelligence, but a remarkable gift of clear exposition. Let me first of all say what this book is not. It is not a piece of potted knowledge; it is not an encyclopædia of philosophy; it is not a bird's-eye view of the universe of thought; it is not a cram-book for students with examinations to pass. Any one of these things it might have been, or attempted to be. Mr. Joad is a facile writer, with a wide knowledge of the subject he professes, and he could have knocked together a compilation of potted philosophies with much less trouble than he has spent on this book. But he chose otherwise, and the book has in fact written is an orderly and brilliantly clear account, first of the problems confronting philosophy, and second of the main lines of thought along which solutions have been propounded. Having structure, balance, and organic unity, it is a work of exposition that is also, in some sense, a work of art.

The book falls into three parts. We begin, necessarily, with epistemology, with the twin problems "What do we know of the outside world?" and "What are the origins and nature of that knowledge?" These questions are fundamental, striking at the very

roots of thought, and the two opposed answers to the first—the answer of Subjective Idealism and the answer of Realism—may be said to divide the whole field of philosophy between them, either the one or the other lending its colour, if not its form, to every constructive metaphysic. The second part of the book deals with Substance, Change, Causation, and the problem of the Self; and the third and largest part expounds to us the most important constructive endeavours of various philosophers, beginning with Plato and Aristotle, ending with Materialism (both dialectical and scientific), Bergson, and Whitehead, and taking Kant and Hegel, Pragmatism and Aesthetics, on its way. Not only is Mr. Joad extremely lucid: he is also, and this is no less important, scrupulously fair. When he is conscious of bias he is at pains to warn us against it in advance. In his Introduction he frankly confesses that his general predilections "are in favour of some form of Realism and Pluralism"; yet his statement of the opposed views, those of Idealism and Monism, is as careful and as cogent as anything in the book. Constantly, as one reads his arguments, one is tempted to raise objections and expose fallacies, only to find these same objections stated, these fallacies exposed, in the very next paragraph.

Not that one always ultimately agrees with Mr. Joad on the few occasions when he expresses his personal view. I myself suspect him of an undue tenderness for Plato, and I remain unconvinced by the argument concerning "Universals in Literary Criticism," in which what I conceive to be an artificial difficulty is made concerning the "existence" or "subsistence" of the play of *Hamlet*. But to make converts is not the author's aim, and in what is his aim he succeeds brilliantly. That the questions asked by philosophy admit of no final answer is

a commonplace. But to be aware of these questions, and to understand their implications, is an enrichment and enlargement of the mind for which many readers, hitherto unacquainted with them, will have Mr. Joad to thank. He in his turn acknowledges a debt to Bertrand Russell, whose influence is apparent in many pages.

GERALD BULLETT.

THE ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE

by Ralph Dutton. *Batsford. 7s. 6d.*

THE ENGLISH ABBEY, by F. H.

Crossley. *Batsford. 7s. 6d.*

THE LEGACY OF ENGLAND, by various authors. *Batsford. 5s.*

LOVERS of the English scene will delight in these books. What at once strikes one is the beauty and the technical perfection of the photographic reproductions, at which those who know the countryside will continually exclaim with surprise and pleasure. The publisher, besides exhausting the usual available sources for illustration, wisely interested the owners of country houses in his undertaking, and thus most of the photographs which appear in the first of these books were expressly taken for this purpose. Nor is the artistic merit of the illustrations their only praise. They are not scattered here and there in the text, but are provided on so lavish a scale as apparently to imply a publisher who has forgotten production costs. From such a preposterous inference we are saved by remembering the wide appeal that such attractive books may be expected to have. For the appreciation of our inheritance from the past is not confined to the fortunate few. The motor-car, as Mr. Crossley reminds us, has revolutionised the face of the country, so that the aspect of abbeys and historic houses and cathedrals has become familiar to people of all classes, as one ruefully realises on straying into Stratford or Glastonbury on a Bank Holiday.

But the view of these lovely manor houses and monastic remains prompts the thought of what is being done to preserve our treasure. The First Commissioner of Works, in a foreword to *The English Abbey*, points to the Ancient Monuments Act as a turning point, and it is certainly matter of satisfaction that Tintern and Rievaulx and Byland and so many other majestic ruins are being scientifically conserved under the guardianship of the State. But that is not all. Some time ago a plea was advanced in this REVIEW for the preservation of the ancient private houses which contribute so much to the beauty of the English country, but which heavily taxed owners have perforce to neglect. The suggestion was made for a triple co-operation—by the State, which should remit some of its burdens on the owner, by the wealthy owners themselves, and by a small payment by visitors, to go to a central fund for the repair of the historic places of indigenous owners. This suggestion has not been in vain, for now a scheme on somewhat similar lines is afoot. One cannot but hope that it will be successful, for while the Office of Works has been carefully guarding the precious ruins of abbeys and castles, all too many of the historic homes of England which have come down from Tudor times seemed condemned to fall into dilapidation and decay. It would be an ironic comment on the times if the combined effect upon their owners of Death Duties and post-war changes of fortune proved as destructive as the vandalism of Henry VIII.

The authors' work has been somewhat neglected in this notice, but it is well done. Though it seldom represents original research, the result is always readable and explanatory of the pictures; but it is undoubtedly by the fine photographs, especially of the first two of these books, that they will be remembered. H. R. WESTWOOD.

THE BATTLE GROUND, by Hilaire Belloc. *Cassell*. 12s. 6d.

IN his varied presentment of the Catholic interpretation of history Mr. Belloc has now turned to Syria. He calls it the battle ground for several reasons: geographical, religious, and political. Geographically, Syria is the neck or saddle between the desert about Mesopotamia and Egypt, and so the master of Syria holds the chief land line of communication between the East and Africa. In religion, it was the cradle of Judaism and so of Christianity, for the Jews were unique among worshippers of tribal gods in that they proclaimed a more than local divinity, One God, supreme over all. The purpose of the book is to explain how the land of Syria was prepared for Judaism, and so for Christianity, since the author affirms a purpose in the story of mankind.

The early chapters, after the geography has been described, recount the parts played by its great neighbours, Egypt, Assyria, and Persia, in preparing the country for the emergence of the intense growth of the Jewish national spirit: the one unit that not even a transportation of population could destroy. Certainly these chapters present us with a phase of the very early "Jewish problem" that seems inexplicable by ordinary reasons. They make us ask: If nothing could assimilate the Jews, did they have something unique to contribute to human history"? Under Cyrus the Persian the Jews were permitted to return to Jerusalem and then, with the defeat of Persia by the Greeks, they, too, fell under the influences that were preparing the united European polity completed by Rome.

The chapter upon the life of Our Lord, called the Climax, is different from all the rest. It reverts to the method so successfully employed in Mr. Belloc's earlier book, *The Eye-Witness*. The next chapters briefly sketch the immediate rise

of the Church and, with its conversion of the Roman world under Constantine, its next struggle with heresies within itself—in particular the long battle with Arianism. This originated in the East of the empire, and then Syria again became the battle ground when the Mohammedan invasion, with its new heresy, a simplified religion, poured in. A chapter on the Crusades completes the body of the book.

But it will be to the Epilogue that many will turn for immediate interest, since this discusses the position in Syria today. There, divided unnaturally into two parts, Syria under France in the North, Palestine under England in the South, for the true lines of division are longitudinal, the country is deprived, Mr. Belloc insists, not only of natural unity, but also of social, since its native Arab population is bitterly hostile to the Jewish immigration that England has sponsored. Now Islam, like Jewry, seems immortal. This immigration, he says, has all the immediate material resources on its side, but without our continued support would collapse. Now as the political frontier is unreal and the social structure artificial, England, Mr. Belloc says, has only to be deeply engaged elsewhere and the present arrangements will succumb. Syria as a battle ground may be far from played out in history.

The conception will have many critics, but the dubious should ask themselves how far it meets the test which should be applied to all history—the test whether it explains, better than other conceptions, how things came to be as they are so that the interpretation explains the present instead of reducing it to a mechanical development or an "inevitable" progress. Certainly this book makes Syria, past and present, a living entity in a way few, if any, recent books have done.

OSBERT BURDETT.

DICTATORSHIP AND DEMOCRACY,
by Sir John A. R. Marriott. *Clarendon Press.* 10s. net.

THIS is a book which is very urgently needed at the present moment; and it is written by an author who is better qualified than most men to write it. This problem of dictatorship or democracy is facing us every morning when we open the daily newspaper, and unless we can find some logical solution of it the world may become even more chaotic than it is already. Now, the answer to this—as to all political and social problems—can only be discovered, with accuracy, in the history books, and the only searchers therein who are likely to find that correct answer are experienced men of affairs, who can interpret the past facts of history into the present facts of everyday life.

Sir John Marriott is both historian and man of affairs. He has given a very scholarly and wide-sweeping sketch of those periods in history (Greek, Roman, medieval, post-Reformation, and so on) when the issues between the people and their rulers have come to their ever-recurring crises; and he has ended by a more detailed examination of the history of the existing dictatorships in Russia, Germany and Italy, and glances at the lesser ones in other countries. It is possible that the dictatorship in Turkey may be the most remarkable of all.

This examination is a remarkably fair one, and altogether in a higher world of thought when compared with the hysterical ravings of the partizans on both sides. It is difficult to keep one's temper when examining the story of dictatorships which have established themselves by the murder or exile of their opponents. But the historian, unhappily, is accustomed to blood and injustice on almost every page; and the democrat who objects to German and Russian terrorists has the uncomfortable memory that they probably learned their lesson from Marat and Robespierre.

A reading of history is convincing proof that it is of trivial insignificance whether a man with an insane lust for power calls himself a democrat or an autocrat.

Perhaps the chief value of Sir John Marriott's analysis of this question is that it brings it down to the hard ground of facts, and dismisses the theories of idealists to the cloud-world where alone they can have any footing. A worldly statesman with his feet in the clouds is a dangerous element in national life; one is not unjustified in suspecting (from his position) that he is standing on his head. As this author insists, the best government is not a matter of theory; it is a matter of very hard fact. No one can be such a fool as to imagine that anything approaching a Fascist or Nazi tyranny would work in Great Britain; or that Britons would be dictated to, however much for their good, by the dictators in Russia. But then, on the other hand, it is equally certain that the parliamentary system when planted in Italy (by the brotherly assistance of Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, plus the aid of Napoleon III) was nothing short of a national orgy of corruption and inefficiency.

The unanswerable lesson of history is that political theories have usually been the smokescreen of adventurers, and that real statesmen have contented themselves with facts. It is pitiable listening to the chatter of bourgeois Communists assuming that a theory is more important than a fact. This most admirable book will perhaps make them face the realities and dismiss some of the hypotheses until they can discover some facts that will give them a foundation.

This volume should be read from beginning to end. For it is an exceedingly illuminating statement of a problem which lies near the root of the present-day mismanagement; and it is written with an impartial judgment which is very distinguished. G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR

JAPAN'S PLACE IN THE MODERN WORLD, by Ernest H. Pickering. Harrap. 10s. 6d.

THE real problem of Japan's relations with the world is far more psychological than economic. No power on earth can check the expansion of an intensely fertile people of 65,000,000, increasing 1,000,000 a year, cooped up in a small and naturally poor country. But this expansion can be made much less inconvenient for other nations if they do, as they have not yet done, to understand the Japanese feelings and point of view.

This is the importance of Mr. Pickering's absorbing book, based on six years as teacher in Japan, intimacy with her leading men, and a long recent visit. Writing as an avowed friend of Japan, he strikes a happy balance between the violent extremism, "pro" and "anti," to which so many writers on Japan are prone, and presents us with a convincing and most interesting study which deserves very careful consideration.

It is in no way underrating Japanese military aggressiveness—certainly Mr. Pickering does not underrate it—to say that Japan has a strong case against the West. In the 1850's it took advantage of her ignorance to impose upon her humiliating treaty restrictions. In 1895 Russia, France and Germany combined to deprive her of the fruits of her war with China; which fruits Russia promptly took for herself. Great Britain's dissolution of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was a bitter and (not only in Japanese eyes) undeserved blow. In Japan it seems that the West has a double standard of morality, one for herself and one for her. Today the best ports of the world are closed to her, tariffs are rising against her, she feels herself a pariah in the world, sore and angry, with all her nerves on the surface. These conditions are all the more serious among a people so closely knit

together as the Japanese by ties of family, devotion to the Emperor and belief in the sacredness of their origin.

Politically, of course, things are very different. Politicians have a bad name as the mere tools of "big business," and this has enhanced the power of the Army already uniquely buttressed in the Constitution. Mr. Pickering believes that the civilian element in the Government is beginning to gain the upper hand. Be that as it may, discrimination against Japan can only play into the Army's hands. Mr. Pickering insists that there is still much fundamental good will for Great Britain in Japan, and that trade agreements, though difficult, are both possible and, in fact, the only way of coping with her inevitable expansion.

O. M. G.

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THE MASTER MUSICIANS,

Edited by Eric Blom. (Mozart: Eric Blom.
Tchaikovsky: Edwin Evans.) *Dent.*
4s. 6d. each.

OF the most recent additions to this admirable series of musical biographies (it now numbers twelve volumes, either revised or wholly new) the best is *Mozart* and the most disappointing is *Tchaikovsky*. The latter was Mr. Evans's first book and, as such, may well have aroused interest thirty years ago, when it was written. Today it is very nearly redundant. The time has surely come for a courageous and informed book on Tchaikovsky; but Mr. Evans has contented himself with referring to the circumstances of the composer's marriage as "such that one does not like to discuss them at any length" and with putting the blame on his "exaggerated sensitiveness". There is no reason why, in 1936, the whole matter should not be dealt with frankly, the more so since without an understanding of the psychology of the case Tchaikovsky's music can never be rightly assessed. Mr. Evans's chapters on the music have rather the look of better concert-programme notes than of incisive studies of the music developing out of the previous chapters on the man himself. In fact, the vital book on Tchaikovsky has yet to be written. Interest in him is at a peculiarly critical juncture just now; the greater the pity, therefore, that Mr. Evans should have let his opportunity slip by.

Mr. Eric Blom's book, on the other hand, is entirely new and an honest attempt to sketch the life of Mozart in the light of research-work to date and to estimate his music in terms both of that knowledge and of itself. Half of the book (as against a quarter of Mr. Evans's) is devoted to a biographical picture that is at once persuasive and exact. Mr. Blom writes with humour and with far less concern for the wonder-child aspect than is common in books about this most profound of all composers. At the age

of thirty-six (when he died) Mozart has attained a knowledge of life and humanity which, in its extensiveness and total lack of illusion, is nearer to Shakespeare than to anybody else. The genuine appreciation of the operas alone would convince one of this: beneath their gaiety, their birdlike ease and their sophistication lies an understanding of humanity in almost all its aspects such as few others have ever achieved. Indeed, it is doubtful whether Mozart's art could possibly have been extended: it is complete and wholly mature—such that some of the last works have "the unearthly quality of music one cannot imagine to come from any human being but one facing extinction". Those critics who approach Mozart's music academically often miss the rich and sensuous profundity that is its main spring. "There are times (says Mr. Blom) when one would gladly give up the understanding of a score of which one need never fear to reach the bottom . . . for that first rapture on coming into touch with the *Don Giovanni* music." But he less than most need fear this dread dulling of joy. For all its necessary brevity and its rather disappointing absence of sufficient quotation from the invaluable letters, Mr. Blom's book scores over others just because it is, avowedly, "a declaration of love". Until a masterpiece arrives (and Mozart of all composers deserves no less) this is as good an introduction to him as could be wished.

C. HENRY WARREN

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DUST OVER THE RUINS, by Helen

Ashton. *Gollancz. 7s. 6d.*

I HAD finished reading *Life With Father* before the news of Clarence Day's death reached England. The book had delighted, soothed and pricked me when I was feeling particularly ill; I had read it forwards, backwards, then a page or two at random while I was sitting in the tube or thinking of going to bed. Most comic books, let me say—Mr. Wodehouse's or Mr. Harry Graham's—I read with clenched teeth, not because I dislike humour, but because the particular unæsthetic exploitation of it which goes by the name of "comic" seems to me as unjustifiable as a strict devotion to corpses, Black Masses and the Trump of Doom. I do not find life altogether a good joke and I can't pretend to understand the writers who do. Mr. Wodehouse affects me like a composer who would score all his works to be played by a musical-box. It *may* be—no doubt, for many people it is—great fun; but I don't see it.

At any rate *Life With Father* possesses qualities which lift it out of the category of "comic" books. That does not mean that the humour is diluted; on the contrary, you will find (I hope) more laughs to a chapter of *Life With Father* than in any other book published during the last eighteen months. But at the same time Clarence Day has drawn an admirable picture of a middle-class family in New York, from the 'nineties to the period of the War; there are delicious touches of an autobiographical childhood; and Father—well, Father,

of course, is the book. He is realist—he is utterly fantastic. We see him, autocratic and faintly dandified, "waking up the village" because his supply of ice water has run out; dismissing his wife's *musicales* as "all tinkle and twitter"; roaring because he has been "poisoned" by the new cook or thrown by his latest horse; roaring, groaning and damning in all the minor crises of his affable but tempestuous household. The telephone bell rings: he takes the call (meant for someone else), and discovers in it a personal affront. How foolish, how unreasonable, how blind—and yet how likeable—he is! He is master of every situation; his "damn!" settles everything. Despite his outrageous behaviour we observe that all who came in contact with him liked and respected him; the reader does, too. *Life With Father* is not just another rebellion against Victorianism and family life (we've had enough of that for the time being), nor a modern pastiche, Rex-Whistlerism, but a portrait, sympathetic, satiric, and incredibly lifelike, drawn with limpidity and grace. Note the style: nothing could be simpler, not a trace of facetiousness. No jokes, thank God, which will be repeated in bars or at breakfast tables. To retail Clarence Day's jokes, you would have to begin by describing the book or better still, opening it at any page and starting to read.

It has knocked the other two books, *Michael and His Angels*, *Dust Over the Ruins*—clean out of my head. The first is a quietly written story of a parson's son who falls in love, runs away from home, is unemployed, joins up for the war, returns to find his first love waiting. It does not surprise or thrill. Except for some excellent pages describing

olescent passion, the novel runs as conventionally as a tram. *Dust Over the Ruins* is a specialised appeal for those who like archaeology, digging expeditions, and the Far East. It is one of the injustices of reviewing that books, as obviously pleasant as these two, should have to compete with such a minor masterpiece *Life With Father*.

G. W. STONIER.

CULTURES IN THE SKY, by Todd Downing. *Methuen*. 7s. 6d.

MURDER ISN'T EASY, by Richard Hull. *Faber*. 7s. 6d.

REDUCTION IN STAFF, by F. J. Whaley. *Skeffington*. 7s. 6d.

DEATH GOES TO SCHOOL, by Q. Patrick. *Cassell*. 7s. 6d.

HERE was a time when a body on the rare carpet was considered ample material for a full length detective novel, but that, apparently, is not so today. In the four books under review, three provide a double murder and one, *Cultures in the Sky*, musters such a regiment of corpses as to strain the credulity of the most sensational-minded. A train hurtling through the desert wastes of Mexico, a murderer and his many victims isolated in one compartment—here is the very stuff of horror and the author has used his material sparingly. No one knows who will be the next victim and before the end of the book the reader is too dazed to care.

It is a relief to turn to Mr. Richard Hull's clever piece of work *Murder Isn't Easy*. The *mise en scène* is the same as that of Miss Sayer's *Murder must advertise*, but one feels that her vast place of publicity would never have recognized as a rival the ineffectual advertising agency of Messrs. Latimer, Spencer & Barraclough, a firm whose only consistent policy is shown in the efforts of each partner to thwart the schemes of his co-directors. In such an

atmosphere of mutual hatred it is not surprising that the triumvirate comes to a sudden and sinister end, or that the police should evince considerable interest in the dissolution of the partnership. The moral to the story, if moral be needed, is never to keep a diary that an ingenious author can twist to his own ends.

In the other two books murder not only stalks through the playing fields of England, but seriously depletes the Common Room personnel. The murderer in *Reduction of Staff* shows an uncommon facility in poisoning, but his character, as drawn by the author, is hardly that of a man who would make a second cold-blooded attempt after liquidating the wrong man. It is nevertheless a well constructed and exciting tale. *Death goes to School* could only appeal to those who demand little either of probability or style.

M. M.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

When the Jubilee was celebrated last May **Professor Barker** wrote in these pages a broad survey of the movement of national life in King George's reign. His present article will recall the notable book he published on *The National Character* in 1927, the year in which he took up his present post of Professor of Political Science at Cambridge.

William C. Atkinson is professor of Spanish in Glasgow University and author of *Spain, A Brief History* (1934). Yearly visits to Spain for many years past have made him intimately acquainted with the country and its politics.

H. E. Bates has definitely taken his place in the first rank of English short story writers; his volume *Cut and Come Again*, was published recently. In the Kentish village in which he indulges a taste for country pursuits varied by the practice of literature he is now engaged in finishing a long novel, due in the late summer.

At the beginning of the Abyssinian campaign **Colonel de Watteville** wrote for the FORTNIGHTLY on the militarization of Italy. Similarly the occasion for his article this month is offered by the gigantic increase of the Soviet Army and, on the political side, the ratification of the Franco-Soviet Pact.

Malcolm Muggeridge acted as *Manchester Guardian* correspondent in Moscow during the last famine, and has since taken a realistic view of Communism in practice.

Brooke Claxton is one of the rising younger men of Eastern Canada. He is a Montreal barrister, active in politics,

and writes of Mr. Vincent Massey with the knowledge of a personal friend. **Graham Greene** is film critic of *Spectator* and the author of several novels, notably *Stamboul Train*.

Anonymity is often a necessary precaution in writing from Berlin, but assurance may be given that the author of the article "Re-arming the Mine" is a well informed as well as an impartial witness of what he describes. **W. Walmsley** is a Yorkshire novelist. *Three Fevers*, one of the books which made his name, is a chronicle of the life of a fishing village.

W. H. Chamberlin was for two years correspondent in Moscow of an important American daily, the *Christian Science Monitor* and published last year his book on *Russia's Red Fascism*. His paper has now posted him to Tokyo as its principal correspondent in the Far East. **Jean Glono's** short stories, somewhat surprisingly, have not hitherto been published in English. The collection here translated appears in the volume *Solitude de la Piété* (Librairie Gallimard).

Stephen Clissold graduated at Oxford only last year and has since been engaged in research, with the B.L.S. degree in view, into the political influence of broadcasting.

Adrian Bell is a novelist who writes sensitive pictures of country life (*Corroy, The Cherry Tree*, etc.) are partly autobiographical; **Horace Thorogood** is a free-lance journalist well known in Fleet Street; and **N. Scarlyn Wilson** has shown interest in the byways of French literary history was shown in the article on the French Academy published last year.